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A NEW YORK journalist some six years ago wrote an excellent article for a popular weekly about a man named L. Trotzky, a revolutionary agitator who had suddenly been whirled into prominence on the wings of the Bolshevik upheaval in Russia. The editor of the weekly refused the article, not, he explained, because of any social prejudice, but because the paper was printed in Springfield, Ohio, and by the time the issue could come off the press Trotzky would quite certainly be dead or out of the news. Well, the popular weekly has been dead now for five years or more, and the editor has gone into advertising, but Trotzky—well, Trotzky, by the strange workings of fate, is at the head of the greatest army in Central Europe, a member of the strongest government on the continent, in the country that may well control the fate of the world. The editor of that ill-starred weekly may be allowed to stand as a symbol for the attitude of the greater part of the world in 1917. The Bolshevik Revolution was a flash in the pan, a revolutionary spasm. And then later, when it refused

to subside, it became a disease to be segregated and stamped out. And now in 1923 on its sixth anniversary—what is bolshevism? Modified and molded by outside pressure and by the logic of events at home, it has become a method of government and industrial management, a developing system of life. Even the enemies of the Soviet system realize today that a vigorous, stubborn spirit has pulled the Russian people and their government through years of war and famine and that the present situation has in it elements of strength and growth to be found nowhere else in Europe. In a world that is sick with the diseases that breed from capitalist-imperialism, the virility of Russia may hold out the best hope for civilization.

WHEN Henry Ford grants the hungry newspapermen an audience and imparts his views on prohibition enforcement, concluding that he is "for Coolidge—strong—if he dries up the country," it is a safe bet that there has been a change of gear in that non-political mind which Mr. Charles W. Wood so entertainingly described in a recent issue of *Collier's*. Ford's language about Muscle Shoals and his earnest yearning to relieve the farmer has always tuned in with the familiar political wave-lengths, and when he adds prohibition one ceases wondering whether Ford wants to be President. He does. Senator Samuel M. Ralston of Indiana, constantly mentioned as the ideal compromise candidate for the Democrats, is still coy. He will not admit that he is a candidate. Neither will William G. McAdoo, though McAdoo henchmen are very busy rounding up the boys from Washington to Florida. On the other side of the fence there is President Coolidge. He still deprecates public talk of his candidacy. Somehow or other, though, we cannot avoid suspecting that the topic may have slipped out somewhere between the soup and the nuts the other day when Mr. Coolidge invited to lunch with him at the White House Messrs. Fred W. Upham, treasurer of the Republican National Committee; James H. Stanley, a Colorado millionaire; Frank W. Stearns, Mr. Coolidge's Boston patron; E. T. Stotesbury, a partner in the House of Morgan; and William T. Wrigley, the chewing-gum king and trusted angel of past Republican campaigns. Or did they, perhaps, confine their conversation to the chicle market in Mexico?

MUCH as our two big political parties object to the injection of anything resembling a vital issue into an election, two questions of considerable import seem bound to get into next year's campaign, both of which the old-line leaders would prefer to see in Hades. Practical politicians, for the most part, do not want to get mixed either with prohibition or the Ku Klux Klan, but events are running too strong for them. Governor Pinchot is exultantly shaking prohibition in the face of President Coolidge and shouting so that he can be heard from Harrisburg to the Grand Canyon: "What are you going to do about it?" At the same time both pro and anti-Klanists are fractious. Through Hiram W. Evans, Imperial Wizard, the Klan has officially read Negroes, Jews, and Greek and Roman Catholics out of American life as "three powerful and numerous elements

that do now, and forever will, defy every fundamental requirement of assimilation." In Texas the Klan is organizing to beat the Underwood candidacy, while the Senator from Alabama, on his part, is attacking the Klan. In Texas, also, an anti-Klan group is planning to carry the fight against the Invisible Empire into the United States Senate by contesting the election of Earle B. Mayfield. Certainly next year's election promises to be more interesting—if not more satisfying—than that of 1920.

HARRY F. SINCLAIR is a man who knows his way around in the world. He is the owner of the horse which beat the English Derby winner, and he is reputed to have made a barrellful of money out of oil. Either one of these things is enough to establish Mr. Sinclair as a "reg'lar feller" with the American public. But to us he has given a better proof of discernment: he contributed to the campaign funds of both the Republican and the Democratic parties last year; he has forgotten how much. Mr. Sinclair not only knows horseflesh and how to make money; he knows politics too. He realizes that Republicans and Democrats are the right and left wheels of one and the same axle, and as an expert in lubricants he has more sense than to grease one hub and leave the other dry. You never know which wheel is going to be on the smooth track and which in the rut. It pays to grease both; especially if you are an oil man with so much grease that you can forget in a year how much you put on.

WHEN Reichswehr troops, acting under orders from Berlin, took possession of the Saxon House of Parliament and arrested the Saxon ministers, a chapter in German history that began with the November revolution of 1918 ended. Fritz Ebert, ex-saddler and nominal Socialist, remains the titular head of the German republic, but the new spirit that swept through Germany in the revolutionary days is dead when the Weimar Constitution can be so defied and the government of a federal state turned out of office simply because of its politics. Kaiser Wilhelm himself would never have dared strike so mean a blow. Such arbitrary action at almost any time within the past five years would have called forth a general strike of the German workingmen, and the reactionaries, despite their military preponderance, would have been forced to yield to the economic strength of the working class. Today, with hundreds of thousands unemployed and mere existence almost a privilege, that strength is gone. The most significant thing about the Saxon coup d'etat is that the working class did nothing. It is not yet clear what dictated Stresemann's action. He was once leader of the Saxon industrialists; perhaps his ruthlessness is a mere incident in industrial warfare. Or it may be that the Bavarians are pulling the strings, and that the ousting of the working-class ministers in Saxony is the price exacted by the Bavarian monarchists for their non-secession.

MERE words are hardly adequate for comment on the French proposal to lend *one billion, eight hundred million francs*—more than a hundred million dollars—to Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Poland for the purchase of war materials in France. Senator Berenger, in reporting the bill to the French Senate—it has already passed the Chamber—comments upon the money as a protection to "France's military frontier, which is not only the Rhine but the

Vistula and the Danube." Napoleon's dreams live again! At a time when France is constantly exhibiting her war wounds to the world, and pleading inability to pay for restoration, much less to pay her debts to her allies, there is a consummate indecency in this deliberate financing of the militarization of Europe.

EYRAM VAN TREZ—whoever he may be—writes to the *New York Times*: "With America a notorious and glorious fomenter of revolution in Panama, what license have we to crucify France for encouraging 'separation' in the Ruhr?" He recalls the Rooseveltian coup ("I did it," the Colonel frankly said) which created the independent Republic of Panama and facilitated the digging of an American canal. There is a very real parallelism which most Americans will prefer to forget. *The Nation* may be permitted, in view of its clean record of protest against Roosevelt's piracy twenty years ago, to say that the fact that piracy has existed in the past is no excuse for its repetition in the present. The French support of the Separatists, plainly reflected in the dispatches of the most sympathetic correspondents in the Rhineland, is even worse than Roosevelt's crime of 1903. Roosevelt encouraged, and then supported, a petty revolution which the people of Panama were quite ready to carry through; the French have hired professional adventurers and bribed thin-spirited Germans in an attempt to establish a republic which the Rhinelanders almost unanimously detest. Let Americans, however, take the parallel to heart. We do honestly abhor the present course of French and Italian policy; let us give it no new excuses. It was an Italian diplomat who remarked to an American observer at Geneva: "Why, what we did at Corfu was just what you did at Vera Cruz; why do you object?" We have no right to forget our own past or present; our marines still occupy Haiti.

HOW much more turbid world politics are today than a score of years ago may be judged from the hardly perceptible ripple caused by Mussolini's spring-board dive into the Moroccan pool. When in 1905 the ex-Kaiser unexpectedly precipitated himself into Moroccan affairs by his famous visit to Tangier, he set the whole world by the ears. In the present seething state of Europe Mussolini's insistence upon a voice in the British-French-Spanish pow-wow to arrange a new government for Tangier is taken as a mere incident in the day's news. The system of international control set up in Morocco by the Treaty of Algeciras in 1906 did not work, and was virtually superseded by the German-French and Spanish-French agreements of 1911 and 1912, respectively, which divided control—except as to Tangier and its environs—between France and Spain. But the Treaty of Algeciras is still nominally in existence, and as Italy was a signatory to it, that gives her a technical pretext to meddle in something which she ought to be thankful to be well out of. By the same right—the United States also signed the Treaty of Algeciras—Mr. Hughes sends a note saying that American economic interests must be protected. Morocco is a horrible example of an attempt by "civilized" nations to impose their rule on "barbarians" for the benefit of trade. For twenty years "Christian" armies have been "pacifying" with gunpowder and bayonets the ungrateful natives of Islam. Yet today we are still getting regular communiques of dead and wounded in the Spanish warfare on the Riff front.

THE New York *Commercial* does not understand why *The Nation* objects to the course of Mr. Hughes in tying up the Department of State and the Federal judiciary with an American banking house's loan to Salvador. "What, may we ask, is the United States Government for, if it is not to back up its own citizens in their dealings with foreign governments or individuals?" this newspaper inquires blandly. Well, we do not recall that as one of the purposes set forth in the preamble of the Constitution, and it sounds rather in conflict with the intention, say, to "establish justice" or to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Still the *Commercial* undoubtedly expresses accurately the view of government held by a part of our business community. It does not sense equally well the opposing sentiment when it continues: "We rather imagine that if American interests in Salvador were in jeopardy and the Government of Salvador showed a disposition to default on its obligations to American citizens, *The Nation* would be the first to rise up and demand that the State Department take the matter up." *The Nation* would not. On the contrary, we hold that American business must take its chances abroad, as it does at home, and that it is entitled to nothing from the Department of State except insistence that our citizens be granted the equal protection of the laws of other countries. Violation of this principle underlies our whole system of commercial imperialism.

WHEN we observe newspapers like the New York *Commercial* smilingly defending all the details of a loan like that to Salvador, we understand better some statements in the circular of the bankers in regard to prearranged publicity. In order to impress prospective investors with the excellence of the Salvador bonds the bankers promise "intelligent press propaganda, which will call attention in various ways to the safety and advantages of investing money in Central America, and also to the fact that the income of the customs house will be published weekly in the financial columns of American papers, the same as the earnings of railways, etc." The bankers' circular continues:

The following item will appear regularly: "Custom-house receipts of Salvador for the week ended the 7th of the month were \$———. From the 1st of the year to date the total amount collected was \$———, being —— times the amount necessary to pay interest and sinking fund on the bonds held in the U. S."

With our old-fashioned ideas of the freedom and independence of the American press we were at a loss to understand how the bankers could promise, in advance, that newspapers would print regular information about the Salvador loan and could even specify the wording in which the news would be presented. But we were forgetting the *Commercial*. Perhaps its pages contain the "intelligent press propaganda" referred to. Possibly in its columns we will find in due time the news of Salvador's custom-house receipts, as promised by the bankers.

NOTHING in all our war profiteering seems quite so callous as the graft, intrigue, and chicanery in the service specially organized to assist the broken and discouraged victims of the European conflict. The inquiry of a special committee of the Senate into the Veterans' Bureau has only begun, but details have already come to light which more than justify the complaints which *The Nation* has made against it. Colonel Charles R. Forbes, formerly

director of the Veterans' Bureau, has not at this writing been heard in his defense, but almost incredible charges of jobbery, fraud, and waste have been made against him by various witnesses. A builder's agent told of one-third of the net profits on the construction of a group of Western hospitals going to Colonel Forbes, and another witness cited an architect's fee of \$64,000 paid for plans that were never used. America has spent money enough on her war wounded to have cared for them adequately. For the fiscal year 1922 alone the Veterans' Bureau expended \$467,000,000. Yet the wounded, the sick, the shell-shocked have been shamefully deceived and disillusioned. They have had to resort to political pull to get less than justice. For them the word patriotism must mean ghastly hypocrisy and greed.

OUR friend Mr. Christopher Morley suspects us of being pessimistic at times, but never have we uttered anything so gloomy as the prediction of two professors of Johns Hopkins University that by the year 2000 New York City will have a population of 29,000,000. We prophesy that it will have nothing of the kind, and as we shan't be alive then to be confronted with our words—if wrong—we feel we can be as emphatic about our position as we like. These two worthy investigators have doubtless spent many weeks in arriving at the figures whose validity we deny offhand; only, like many other statisticians, their arithmetic is good but their assumptions are bad. Their estimate rests on the assurance that New York is going on for seventy-seven years at the same rate and in the same direction as now—in other words, that it is not going to learn anything during the remainder of this century. We are more hopeful. We suspect that many people are already beginning to realize, however dimly, that the modern city is one of the monstrosities of an industrial age, and that as we approach a better economic system we shall also find a more rational, more human way of life.

BUT while we refuse to believe in a city of 29,000,000 inhabitants, we sorrowfully concede the probability of another appalling estimate which has come to our notice. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace reports that to file such publications on the World War as have a claim to preservation as source material for the historian would require 200 miles of book-shelves. We not only admit this may be true but we fear that some American collector will one day insist upon bringing them all together in a single building. We don't know just how the future is going to deal with that 200-mile book-shelf. Perhaps it may perfect standardized processes which can be applied to intellectual quantity production just as we now apply such means to the material world. In that case it would be possible to mobilize five thousand of our college youth to read one hundred days apiece at the 200-mile book-shelf, each sorting out by mathematical formula a few primary facts which would then be mechanically put together in a 50,000-word one-volume outline of the World War, guaranteed by the United States Bureau of Standards to be free from prejudice or untruth. We should not, of course, read such an outline, but we should give it a place so prominent in our library that friends (who do not know us very well) would think we had. We should not read it because we doubt if this rarefied quintessence of the 200-mile book-shelf would give us any more light on the World War than two words—ignorance and selfishness.

Much Ado About Nothing

CAREFUL study of Mr. Hughes's much-touted aide-memoire concerning possible American participation in a European conference, and of M. Poincaré's remarks explaining what is called his acceptance of the proposal force us to the reluctant conclusion that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Hughes did not propose anything and that M. Poincaré did not accept it. Colonel George Harvey, who had just resigned as American Ambassador in London, and Premier Jan Smuts, who, after all, holds his office in the Union of South Africa, which is a long way from the Rhine, made excellent and impressive speeches, suggesting that it would be desirable if something should happen. Lord Curzon and Mr. Hughes then made public an exchange of notes in which they had indulged previous to the speeches, and the newspapers of the world, excited by the Smuts and Harvey speeches, proceeded to shout from the house-tops that the correspondence indicated that great things were about to happen. M. Poincaré then somewhat dramatically agreed to do what he had always been willing to do, and the newspapers humbly choralled Glory, Hallelujah! It is worth while, however, turning aside from the newspaper racket to study the documents in the case.

On October 12 Lord Curzon, stirred to optimism by an exaggerated report of what President Coolidge had said about Mr. Lloyd George's appeal for action, informed the Government of the United States, with that pompous gravity which only a diplomat can maintain, that "There does not appear to be among the European Powers that unity of thought which either renders common action feasible or will be successful in finding an early solution." This, even Lord Curzon may have suspected, had been observed by many Americans. He continued cautiously that "The co-operation of the United States Government is an essential condition of any real advance toward a settlement," and "United action . . . is the common desideratum." Then in a series of questions he suggested an immediate joint international inquiry.

Secretary Hughes replied no less cautiously, somewhat limiting the vague field to which Lord Curzon seemed to invite him. He began by saying that he still believed, as he had believed last December, that Germany's capacity to pay should be determined by a commission of experts. "Present conditions," he said, "make it imperative that a suitable financial plan should be evolved to prevent economic disaster in Europe." Therefore, "the Government of the United States is entirely willing to take part in an economic conference in which the European Allies chiefly concerned in German reparations participate, for the purpose of considering the questions of the capacity of Germany to make reparations payments and an appropriate final plan for securing such payments." Such a conference, he added, should be purely advisory and bind no government; and it must not touch the sacred cow of the Allied debts to America.

Lord Curzon, then, seemed to suggest, though his note was perhaps intentionally ambiguous, a general conference of the Great Powers. Mr. Hughes simply reiterated his New Haven proposal as made in December, 1922. He proposed a conference of experts named by the governments.

Poincaré did not accept even that. He graciously agreed to permit the Reparation Commission to do what it already

had the power to do, and had done rather futilely once before—convoke a commission of experts of various nationalities, to be named by the Reparation Commission, on which the Franco-Belgian group now has a majority vote. The text of this so-called consent has not yet been published; we must deduce it from Poincaré's Sampigny speech, in which he specified first, that the experts must not be permitted to reduce the French reparation claim against Germany; second, that the inquiry must assume a continuing French occupation of the Ruhr; and third, that the experts must not demand new French concessions.

In other words, M. Poincaré agreed to the formation of an expert commission on two conditions—first, that he have a veto power in its composition, and second, that it be pledged in advance to do nothing.

We do not know why Mr. Hughes did not publish his correspondence with Lord Curzon when it occurred. His reply to Lord Curzon reached the public eleven days after it had been transmitted. It was in the intervening period that Mr. Harvey and General Smuts made their speeches. Colonel Harvey, it will be recalled, explained that "We are ready to come in, as the saying is, as soon as we are asked, but surely we cannot be expected to smash in the door." It can hardly be said that Mr. Hughes did more than try the knob; he certainly did not put his shoulder to it and shove. And M. Poincaré did not do much more than peek through the letter-slot.

In the light of this summary of the facts let us return to General Smuts's speech:

Drift will be fatal. Half-measures, palliatives, expedients such as politicians resort to when hard pressed, will no longer avail anything. . . . The time has come for the convocation of a great conference of the Powers who are mainly interested in the reparation question, and at this conference the governments of the Powers should be directly represented. The situation is much too difficult and threatening to be dealt with by any subordinate authorities. Neither the Reparation Commission nor even the Council of the League of Nations should be called upon to deal with it. They have not the authority or the responsibility which rests on the governments of the Powers. It is a business for principals, not for agents.

General Smuts was right. The sickening decay of Europe was accelerating in those ten days before Mr. Hughes made public his note; it is accelerating while palaver continues about the meaning of M. Poincaré's conditions; men and women will be starving, and fighting each other in their hunger, while the experts are assembling, and more will die after the experts have reported, when the governments begin discussing the question in how far their purely advisory reports should be accepted. What General Smuts proposed is not being done—not at all. The French will stay in the Ruhr; the ruin will continue; the hullabaloo about the intervention of America has accomplished nothing. When it is all over we shall be asked to help feed the starving, and they will sorely need our help.

Some day we may be able to take a more realistic part in the European mess. But editorial-writers and statesmen waste breath in talking of effective American cooperation until this country acquires a more unanimous conviction regarding the French crime in the Ruhr, and until we make up our minds to use the inter-Allied debts not merely as a stuffed club but as a bargaining-counter.

Germany's Darkest Week

(Special Radiogram to The Nation)

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Berlin, October 29

SATURDAY ended the blackest week in the history of Germany with the indefensible ultimatum from Berlin to Dresden which, having been rejected, will now lead to additional dangerous complications, quite possibly to the retirement of Stresemann. It seems impossible that the Social Democrats can stand for the ousting of the Saxon Government determined on last night.

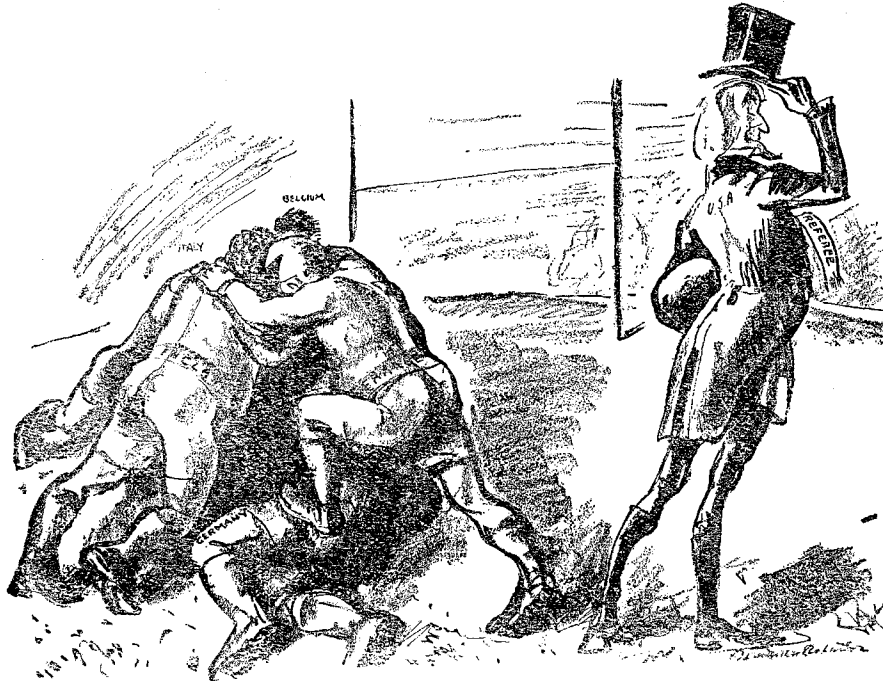
It is now perfectly plain that the alleged disorders in Saxony are the merest excuse to crush a Government devoted to the republican ideal and really representing the proletariat of Saxony. It is just as if Coolidge had sent a general to command Oklahoma because he did not like Walton and his associates. Whether the Saxon workers will submit without most dangerous manifestations is a question

complicated by the presence of three hundred and fifty thousand Saxon unemployed. The general belief now is that Stresemann will eventually be succeeded by an extreme militarist dictator, which will probably precipitate civil war. Even now it is hard to believe that the Reds will quietly submit to the ousting of Zeigner, who has been moderate and by his influence has checked the violence of some of his Communist associates. Any action against him must be read in connection with the events in Bavaria which have become very threatening since the ultimatum ordering Bavaria to restore the Reichswehr. The Bavarians threaten to establish a new Reich government and believe themselves divinely appointed to purge Germany of all Jews and Socialists—having already expelled over two hundred Jews, some of long residence—and then to make war on France. It seems a curious time for Stresemann to be showering ultimatums on his countrymen when the Reich is collapsing and the Rhine provinces are lost—they are lost even before French recognition of that preposterous government of adventurers and traitors upheld by paid cutthroats which is everywhere rejected by the mass of the population. Already other disintegrating currents are noticeable. Strong influences are at work in Saxony and Thuringia to take them from the Reich and join them to Czecho-Slovakia.

Meanwhile the worst immediate feature of the situation

is the almost complete unemployment in the Ruhr where the starvation of millions is inevitable unless work is resumed, of which there is no prospect today. America must save the innocent men, women, and children who are victims of these terrible forces by sending food and money. The Quakers must come in immediately. The situation in

the Ruhr alone would make this coming week blacker than the last. An American correspondent said the other day at Düsseldorf that he "would not know a catastrophe now if it came through the door; it has been scheduled and announced so often and has never materialized." The truth is that the catastrophe here has not come suddenly like the Japanese earthquake to horrify the world but has come gradually. Hence it cannot be realized in all its magnitude even by us in Berlin. But the



The International Puzzle: Who Has the Ball?

collapse is now here and is no longer to be avoided. A small ray of hope came from the move by England and America to call a new conference, but the limitations on this by France devitalize it precisely as the life was taken out of the Genoa Conference. Even if the conference were to be free it is much too late to prevent starvation.

Former optimists are now completely pessimistic and say anything may happen, but he is a fool who would prophesy one week ahead. There is no immediate danger of a Communist uprising. The Hamburg effort was abortive. If a Communist uprising should come it would be the signal for immediate aggressive action by Bavaria and reactionary East Prussia. The Russians here who supply the German Communists with arms, money, and leadership are not ready for a Communist uprising now. They prefer chaos and Right dictatorship for a while but realize that if French policy continues, together with the total collapse of Germany, Russia will herself be menaced by France.

America's duty is first to send food and aid to the perishing, next to arouse world opinion against France, the chief offender. As it looks now the German people are destined for suffering and civil war, and to lose millions by bloodshed and starvation. It is impossible to exaggerate the situation or to portray what may come. A large part may yet be averted if the Anglo-Saxons act.

The New Russian Women*

By MAGDELEINE MARX

I. The Working Woman

I HAVE often promised myself never to fall into the pretentious error of describing "the woman" of such or such a country. Nothing irritates me so much as the arbitrary generalizations which reveal here a faultlessly attired doll passing as the "Frenchwoman"; there the ponderous, matronly, sentimental figure of the "German woman"; or as the authentic product of the British Isles, a blonde, masculine, itinerant creature; or the American woman, symbolized simply by a tennis racquet, a shower of diamonds, or a billionaire husband. And yet . . .

I am in Russia, land of the white bear, the reindeer, and the tiger, land of monstrous tropical flowers and Polar lichens, land of Arctic and Oriental peoples, infinite land. In the streets of Sebastopol I encounter exquisite girls with eyes of black enamel and slender ankles who resemble our own girls of southern France. On the shores of Batum I admire, against an Alpine-tropical background, perfect, bronzed bodies stretched naked in the sun. In the cool shadows of Tiflis bazaars are Georgian girls reminiscent of the princesses of the "Thousand and One Nights." In Azerbaijan I find the furtive silhouettes of women in black *charchaf*. I come upon the savage descendant of the Kirghizes and the Tcherkesses, upon the Siberian peasant of the shy glance and Mongolian cheek, upon the lily-like girl of Archangel, of the thistle-blue eyes and hair too pale. The months go by. I live the daily life of the Soviet regime. And slowly I come to realize that I was mistaken; that what is superficial and false in other countries is true in this land where new social statutes, affecting the lives of all the women, give them access to full liberty, yield them new privileges and new obligations, give a new spirit to all of them.

In the midst of this complete rearrangement of life, what has become of the working woman, the peasant, the intellectual who in her youth knew only prison walls? What does the princess think who, only a short time ago, under the triple rod of rank, etiquette, and husband, made Russia the playground of her charms and caprices?

To understand any of these classes of women, it is essential to become familiar with the new marriage laws which now order the lives of the women in Soviet Russia. Before the revolution, the religious form of marriage alone existed in Russia. Today only civil marriage is legal. Nothing is more simple or more easy than the marriage formalities—a mere declaration of intention, a certificate of identity. The widest liberty is accorded to both: "If one party changes residence, the other is not obliged to follow." "The act of marriage does not imply community of property between the parties."

And definite security is accorded to both by the marriage act: "The needy husband or wife, that is, lacking in the minimum needs of subsistence, or the invalid husband or wife, has the right to demand the support of his or her partner, provided the latter is capable of giving assistance."

Regarding children: "The father and mother share

their rights over the offspring." Who can forget the pages in which Gorki, telling of his childhood, describes the awe-stricken mother who helplessly had to watch the play of the knout which was lacerating the flesh of her unhappy child and see the blood spurt from under the whip plied by their drunken lord and master?

If it is an easy matter to contract a legal marriage, it is just as easy to obtain freedom. The act of divorce, like that of marriage, is a simple formality. "Divorce can be based as well on the mutual consent of the couple as on the expressed wish of only one of the parties." And since there are women who prefer to remain outside the pale of marriage entirely, the Soviet law takes pains to protect them in case of motherhood, making the father equally responsible for the care of the child.

Such a unique atmosphere must lead to the development of a new type of womanhood. Knowing this, we may be able to find, not "the Russian woman" but something at least of the spirit and mentality revealed by the working woman, the peasant, the intellectual, as well as the woman of the old aristocracy and the new bourgeoisie.

It is winter. Shod in the traditional *valenki* of coarse felt which, at a distance, gives them the clumsy, measured swing of plantigrades, wearing sheepskin with the fleece inside and rabbit-skin caps with long ear-flaps, two women are busily sweeping the court, the approach, and the doorway of the main building of the Goujon factory, an important metal works in the suburbs of Moscow.

They do not know the visitor who approaches, slipping clumsily on the icy pavement, and yet, from afar, they smile. Here I can safely generalize: this frank, cordial welcome is a characteristic of the women of the Russian masses. I visit the works—a gigantic cavern illuminated at regular intervals by great bursts of flame. After crossing a long shop in which the workers pass cubes of glowing iron from one machine to another with the swiftness and expertness of prestidigitators, I come to the women's section. Though their work is infinitely less difficult, it is nevertheless trying and unhealthy. In a heavy, oil-soaked atmosphere, among machine belts, greasy lathes, and grimy window-panes, amid the incessant panting of machines, black and grimy themselves, they file bolts and put the finishing touches to rivets and nails.

I have scarcely been among them five minutes when a sudden silence falls. It is eleven o'clock and work has ceased for the luncheon hour. The score of women in this part of the shop rise slowly, each draws from a hidden drawer an oxidized iron goblet or a chipped cup and begins undoing a little package or an old basket. One spreads before her a pickled herring, two huge slices of bread crammed with potatoes and a pickle; her neighbor lays out on her knee a feast of meat-balls, a piece of cheese, and a raw apple. "Would you like to take tea with us?" ventures a young girl in a black smock, who comes in carrying a pot of boiling water with which she skilfully fills the cups held out to her.

Delighted, I sit down on a bench which seems to be thrust behind me from nowhere. They seem as pleased with me as I am with them. A crust of bread in one hand, a steam-

* This is the first of a series of three articles on women in Soviet Russia. Succeeding articles will deal with The Intellectual and The Aristocrat.

ing cup in the other, they have formed a circle, and, as my first words reveal my halting Russian and my frightful French accent, they break into laughter like a lot of children. I warn them that I want to question them. I pass over the question of employment. I know that the workers are exclusively engaged through the Workers' Exchange by means of a collective or individual contract. But what are their work hours here?

Eight hours, as everywhere: from eight o'clock in the morning to five in the afternoon, with an hour's pause for lunch. Girls between the ages of sixteen and eighteen are obliged to work only six hours, but all are above that age in this shop.

And how much do they earn? I am familiar with the collective principle which regulates the production of the Russian proletariat. In every class valuation commissions determine the amount of labor which each worker in each class must furnish daily. Those who produce below this determined amount receive a diminished wage. In general these wage standards are fixed by a commission composed of an equal number of workers and employers.

One by one the women tell me their wages. Modified monthly by a scale established in advance and keeping pace as closely as possible with the fluctuation in the cost of living, their wages, calculated of course on the same scale for both men and women, vary from 120,000,000 to 160,000,000 rubles a month. It is little. At the current cost of living it is enough, but scarcely enough, to assure a livelihood.

I turn to one of the women whom the others call Natacha, a beautiful woman with regular features but with a complexion spoiled by the lack of air and by fatigue. I ask if she has any children.

"O yes, I have three, besides a fourth from the Volga, which we adopted last year. Ah, if you had seen him when we took him! He is much better now and goes to school with our two elder children. The third is here in the nursery. Would you like to see him?"

We traverse the court, encumbered with rolls of iron wire, with rusted debris powdered with snow, and Natacha precedes me into the interior of a little house. We enter a warmly heated room. Some thirty babies sleep, chatter, or squall in as many white little cots.

"There, that's my Petia!" And her extended arms indicate proudly a tawny little fellow who beats the air with his arms. "I bring him here in the morning, and twice during the day I come to nurse him."

"What are you doing here? This isn't your time," scolds a woman in a white smock who rushes out of a neighboring room, whence issues an odor of boiled milk and where one espies rows of nipples on shelves. Natacha, who has been arrested in the midst of her effort to raise the child from its cot, drops him gently, with a parting murmur of *galoubchik* (little dove), and we hurry out of the room like two children caught at mischief.

As we walk, Natacha tells me that she had nearly died in bearing her child but that she had been lucky enough to receive excellent care.

"Where?"

"Where do you think? At the hospital, of course." And she explains that during the last weeks of pregnancy, during confinement, and for three months after childbirth, all working women receive free care.

When we reenter the shop, we find the young girl who

had been pouring tea reading a newspaper aloud to the rest.

"Our paper," she explained proudly, showing me the title, "The *Working Woman*, a newspaper written by and for working women."

While slowly sipping the cup of tea into which an unseen hand had sliced small bits of apple to improve the taste, I listen to them as they sketch their simple lives. Natacha is not unhappy. She is married to a furnace worker who, laboring at night, earns 300,000,000 rubles a month. They live nearby, in one of the brick barracks in the vicinity of the works. They have two rooms for the six of them, and in the evening, on returning from work, she sets the water boiling on the *primus* for the tea, with a bit of bread and cheese, and at times an egg, that constitutes their dinner.

How can they buy the clothes they require? I have often enough visited the markets of Moscow, studied the shop-windows, and it seemed to me impossible for them to clothe themselves on the money they earned. All speaking at once, they explain that they get their clothes at the Cooperatives, where the price is . . .

Natacha, whose voice dominates, tries to be scrupulously precise. "Let's see, about half as dear? No, let's say two-thirds of the prices obtaining in the market. And, besides, it's easy," she adds, smiling. "We simply don't buy any clothes." And I learn that the threadbare caftan which envelops her shoulders and which gives her the air of a female Cossack has behind it a history of fifteen years.

And what do they do evenings, Sundays? Have they any distractions?

"This evening I'm going to the Grand Theater," gaily exclaims a young girl who, until then, had been silent. "I'm going to see the 'Tales of Czar Saltan.' I've never seen it, have you?"

"Yes," says Natacha, then turning to me: "You see, every month the union distributes a certain number of theater tickets, and you can guess what a scramble there is for them. And then there are excursions during the summer, group visits to museums, lectures. But, above all, there are the evening courses where we all try to complete our education. You know, it didn't amount to an awful lot before." "But there are also those who do not seek distraction, and who think only of propaganda," interrupts a woman whose slim, ardent lines are lost in the folds of a khaki frock.

I ask a question which has been burning on my lips but which I have forced back: What part do they take in politics; what do they think, from a political point of view, of Russia today? There is amazement in the faces about me.

"How can you ask such a question? Is it possible that there are foreigners who imagine any form of government other than the Soviets could exist for the Russian people?" This time it is an old woman who speaks, a woman whose yellow, corroded hands emerge, gesticulating, from an oil-spotted apron. "We don't live like lords and ladies, that you can see, but at least we have the right to hold our heads up. But before! Look, you don't know. We weren't human beings. We were worse than cattle. Ah, I can see you don't know how things were—before. Look, me, I couldn't read and they taught me. Things about politics, they explain them to us women now, and we understand. But I'm wrong to speak of myself. I don't count. I'm too old. But I've three daughters. Marie, I haven't seen her since last summer. She was getting thin, she was pale and always

exhausted. So they made her go to Petrograd, in the Islands. Do you know the Islands?"

Ostrovski, Kamenski, on the shore of the green Baltic, come back to my mind: the leafy islands where flitted the heroines of Pushkin, the sumptuous villas nestling in the foliage, transformed now into nurseries for the young or rest-homes for the workers.

"If we still had the Czar, wouldn't Marie be dead now? Now she's working in Petrograd, in the pottery works, and she's going to marry a young fellow in the navy. I have another daughter, Vera, appointed by the union to study at the Pokrovsky Institute. She wants to be a children's doctor. Would all that have been possible—before?"

"It's much more than just that. It's a pity I can't talk well, to make you understand. You see us all here, and you think that's as it should be; for you it's as though nothing has changed. Look, Moussia, recite your Prolet-cult. Listen, you must. That's it. She'll tell you."

Shy and obstinate, Moussia amuses herself by making little bread pellets on the table, and it is from her comrades that I learn that she has already "made" a poem which is to be published. I beg her to recite, but in vain.

If for the sake of the veracity of my account I feel it necessary to gather the truth from their lips, I am nevertheless persuaded, after a thousand proofs, that the Russian working women are devoted with all their souls to the present regime and that the majority of them are even savagely revolutionary.

Before my eyes there passes the interminable pageant of working women on the fifth anniversary of the Soviet Republic. I see them again, arm in arm, forming a wide stream of scarlet heads in Red Square. I hear their songs, their shouts. I see their faces gleam as they pass before the tribune where stands Trotzky. . . .

Several days before I had called on a working woman in the modest room which she occupies in the Kremlin. She holds an important position in the Communist Party and in the Syndicates. Austere, severe, leading the life of an ascetic, sleeping four hours a night, she is the perfect type of the working woman who has become a Communist leader. She is thirty years old, married to a militant much in the public eye.

To the observer she is an alert girl who, having worked for twelve years in factories in New York, retains in her countenance and especially in her handclasp much of the American woman. Her words come back to me now as the logical conclusion to my visit in that shop.

"You see," she said, "from a material point of view, our working women lead a more dismal life perhaps than their French sisters. They are less well fed and certainly less well lodged and more poorly dressed than the American working woman. But what you must understand is that their present hardships represent an enormous advance over the utter poverty of the past. And from a spiritual point of view, as far as liberty and human dignity and faith in the future are concerned, it is as though a whole century had been skipped.

"Besides," she added, smiling and watching the drift of the smoke from her cigarette, "our country is the only one, at any rate, where feminism has no reason for existence. Though there may remain some things which time alone will achieve, there is one question which has been definitely realized—the liberation of woman."

Lenin, and the Prize Pig

By DOROTHY BREWSTER

Moscow, September 27

THE European Student Relief workers said that there was a little pavilion at the Agricultural Exposition where one could sit on Persian rugs and drink Turkish coffee. It was that prospect, not any interest in agriculture, that drew us out one afternoon to the grounds of the All-Russian Agricultural Exposition on the other side of the Moscow River. "Agricultural" means much more than threshing machines and pigs. We discovered that long before we found the coffee—which turned out to be tea.

It means Lenin, for one thing. No one can miss his portrait just inside the gates: giant size, all worked out very cleverly with plants of different shades and colors. One soon becomes convinced in Russia that it is only a matter of time before there will be Lenin ikons. We followed signs directing us to "Lenin's Corner." This was a small building devoted to a poster and cartoon history of the revolutionary and labor movement, before and after 1917. The earlier posters—pictures of strikes, evil factory conditions, massacres, punitive expeditions—made up a Chamber of Horrors that recalled Gorki's "Mother" and Andreev's "Seven Who Were Hanged." Those of recent years recorded the fight against counter-revolution, the efforts to stimulate production and to educate the workers. Lenin was speaking from every wall in every room.

We were glad to escape from Lenin into the attractive "Kustarni" building, filled with beautiful samples of all the peasant handicrafts of Russia: carved wooden utensils and fascinating little boxes, humorously painted toys and nested dolls, colorful embroideries, homespun linen, native costumes, laces and lacquered ware. They were suspicious of their guests here, for they took away at the door not only our brief cases, but even our little handbags.

Still searching for the coffee, we found ourselves in a sort of village, with huts and cottages and outhouses. The first hut we entered was a dark, tiny, thatched den with a mud floor and bare plank beds—the peasant hut at its worst. The next was larger and lighter, with a separate apartment for the family cow or pig. Another was better still, with a plank floor, several windows, three rooms, and a stove really adequate to accommodate the family. A pleasant-faced peasant woman sat at her embroidery in one corner, under an ikon, with the little lamp burning. There were bright quilts and embroidered towels and other signs of relative prosperity. And so on through this poverty and progress exhibit, until we came to the model of what the peasant cottage should be, two-storied and spacious. This last was just a dream of the future, if one may trust countryside impressions from a railway-coach window.

A graceful, cream-colored stucco building, with lovely blue minarets, was evidently the home of the Turkestan display. The building was closed. But beyond, near the river, a crowd, and odors of roasting meat on the chilly air, attracted us to a spacious shed. That Turkish coffee couldn't be far off. Inside were long boards on trestles, wooden benches, and charcoal braziers. Dark gentlemen, in brilliantly striped garments like bathrobes, with little embroidered caps on the backs of their heads, strung rings of meat on long sticks and held them sizzling over the fires. Others, powdered with flour, rolled out and molded dough

on rugs that covered the table. Why didn't the dough stick? That question interested us more than whether the rugs ever saw a vacuum cleaner. Back in the shadows was a big pot-bellied furnace, with a hot fire on its floor. As the rolls were shaped, a half-naked cook skilfully shot them through the jaws of the monster against the inner walls of the furnace, where they stuck miraculously. When the inside was completely tiled with the rolls, the baker shut the door, wiped off the sweat on his apron, ate a slice of watermelon, and chaffed the waiting crowd. Presently the tiles were perfectly browned and he picked them off with a poker. We took some across to the pavilion, where we squatted on carpets, drank tea from brass pots, and nibbled at dried apricots. They were the best rolls I had in Europe. I should like to import a company of these artists to set up a rival exhibit next to Childs Fifth Avenue pancake window.

My Russian interpreter has a young sister studying at the University of Kazan to be an "agronome," an agricultural expert. For her sake we started out one day to find the prize pig. We found nearly everything else first—textiles, fish, leather, wine, furs, music. Resisting the temptation of strains of Tchaikovski coming from the big music pavilion, we went on to the exhibit of the *Narkompros*—the People's Commissariat of Education.

Here every graphic device of chart, map, diagram, poster, cartoon, and model is utilized to rouse the interest of the peasant visitor and to reach his intelligence. I liked the contrasting posters of the old life and the new, some tragic, many with a kind of sly humor, all vivid. The ragged children, the tumbledown cottages, the lean cattle, the poor crops, the vodka shops—all of this, my interpreter assured me, was not exaggerated in the pictures. A priest praying for rain versus peasants intelligently irrigating their fields is a sample of the "look upon this picture and on this" appeal. And I understood the big circular charts divided into sectors to show the proportion of crops harvested in successive years. One didn't need to be literate to comprehend them. The potatoes were there, for instance—little pink new ones, deftly stuck on the proper sector. Sectors of brown sand revealed the distressingly large areas uncultivated in recent famine years. Models of farm buildings made a fascinating toy countryside. But I was so much less intelligent about all this than the most illiterate peasant that I left my interpreter to study them, and wandered about watching the peasants themselves.

They all looked interested, these small groups of peasants, men and women, who were being taken about by efficient young Communist guides. I was told that some six thousand of them visit the exhibition every week. They are brought in relays from different sections of the country, at the expense of the government. A country school teacher who had accompanied a party from his own village described their trip. They had been joined by others en route, till they numbered nine hundred. When they arrived in Moscow, they were met by members of the trade union that was to entertain them during their stay. The entertainment

began with baths. Part of the program was a visit to the map factory where the hosts worked. This visit particularly impressed some of the peasants: they hadn't really believed till then that city workmen "worked." One saw these visiting peasants all over the city, as well as at the exhibition. In the large party of workers who occupied all of one gallery at the opening night of the opera, I noted many bearded peasant faces. And if expression counts for anything, they were thoroughly enjoying the fairy tale of the Snow Maiden.

But we hadn't yet found the pig. We turned toward the hillside, which looked more rural, and on our way visited the camels. Up on the hill among the trees was what looked like an Indian tepee, of bark, with smoke curling up through the opening at the apex. Fascinated Russian children and their mothers were peeping in at the Eskimo baby inside, with its mother and small brother. Nearby was a much larger tent, a hemisphere of skins and wood, very snugly put together—airproof, I should think. The shadowy interior, lighted with a lamp or two, was lined with bright carpets, rugs, and shawls; and squatting around a fire in the center was a solemn Bashkir or Kirghiz family—I forget which. But all these nomads with strange names, members of the Soviet Republic, were there in their appropriate dwellings on the hill. One began to understand why "Russian"

has been taken out of the official title of the government: instead of "Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic" (R.S.F.S.R.), it is now "Union of Socialist Soviet Republics" (Union of S.S.R.).

When at last we came to the big barns where the animals were, it was five o'clock and cleaning-up time. There were few horses in the stalls. I wasn't surprised at that, for the Quakers had told me that Russia was nearly ten million horses short. The horses on exhibition were taken away as soon as they were sold. But there were cows and bulls, many of them fine specimens. One huge, white, haughty bull weighed some incredible number of poods. "*Krasota!* A beauty!" exclaimed a bearded peasant. That bull looked like Zeus when he abducted Europa. And late as it was, there was an admiring throng around the biggest pig, which might have posed as the model for communist cartoons of the bloated bourgeoisie.

"Well, what do you think of the exposition?" I asked my interpreter, who had been keenly observant but noncommittal. She was not prejudiced in favor of the present Government. The Bolsheviks had made her sweep the streets for months. They had threatened to put her baby in an institution. They were now blocking her reentry into the university to complete her medical course. "A very good piece of work," she replied, "even if the Bolos did do it."

As we passed Lenin's portrait on our way out of the grounds, we caught one of those glimpses that make Moscow the most strangely fascinating of cities—the gold domes of the Cathedral of Our Savior and beyond them the cupolas and towers of the Kremlin, gleaming in the sunset. That, as a background for Lenin, was striking. But why did they turn Lenin's face toward the setting sun?



The New Seal of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics

The inscriptions on the wreath contain the words "Workers of the World Unite" in six languages, Russian, Ukrainian, White Russian, Georgian, Armenian, Turkoman.

Mister God*

By MAXIM GORKI

AT Sestrotsk, the famous watering-place, there was employed an old man, still handsome and strong despite his sixty years, by name Stepan Prokhorov. He would gaze strangely at people with his bulging, porcelain-like eyes, which sometimes sparkled with too bright and harsh a luster, but could smile warmly and grow very gentle.

Prokhorov's general attitude toward people gave rise to the impression that he considered himself more wise than any of them. He moved about cautiously and spoke in a quiet voice, as if everyone around him were asleep and he feared to disturb them. He went about his tasks sedately, indefatigably, and willingly; and when his work was done, he would not hesitate to do the work of his comrades. When one or another of the employees of the baths would ask him to assist in some task, Prokhorov, who was in general a man of few words, would reply slowly and reassuringly, "Very well, I'll do it, brother. I'll do it. Don't worry." And he would perform the other man's work, good-naturedly and without comment, as he might give alms to some good-for-nothing.

He kept himself aloof from others, preferring to be alone; and I do not believe I ever saw him in his leisure moments chatting with his fellow-workers. His esteem among those who knew him was not clearly defined, but generally they appeared to consider him tolerantly as a well-disposed fool.

When I inquired what manner of man Prokhorov was, they would answer, "So, so—an ordinary man." Only the butler, after a little reflection, replied, "The old man is very proud, and he is awfully careful of his appearance."

I invited him, one evening, to join me at tea in my room. The room was large as a barn, with two Venetian windows looking out into the park. It was heated with steam. Every evening the pipes would hiss and rumble, and it would sound as if someone were asking in a stifled whisper, "Do you wish some fish?"

At last the old man arrived, dressed very neatly and carefully in a new pink shirt with a gray jacket and new boots. His broad, gray beard was combed straight, and his hair was plastered on his head with some oily paste which emitted a sharp, pungent odor. He drank his tea and red wine and ate his raspberry jelly very gravely, and spoke in a subdued voice, quite coherently and with unusual ease in expression.

"You have observed correctly," he said. "I am a good man. However, I was born and lived half my life with no love for people in general; and it was only when I lost my faith in Mister God that I became good. This was the result of my persistent success in life. Success pursued me from the day of my birth. My father, a machinist of Mtsensk, said himself, 'Stepanka was born for luck,' because on the day I was born he began to thrive, and opened a shop of his own. I was successful in all my childish sports, and study was to me as play. I never experienced illness, and no trouble ever touched me.

"When I finished school, I immediately obtained a posi-

tion with excellent people in a rich concern. My employers liked me, and the mistress would say to me, 'Stepan, have a care for yourself; you have ability.' And that was true: my capacities were so great that I surprised even myself. I cured horses of diseases, without understanding what it was that made them suffer. I could train the most unruly dog to walk on its hind legs—and this not by force, but through tenderness.

"I was as successful with women. Any to whom I took a liking was certain to come to me. At twenty-six I was chief clerk, and I am sure I could eventually have become a director of the company. My friend Markevitch, who was like yourself a writer of books, would go into raptures over me and say, 'Prokhorov is a true Russian, like Pursam.' Who Pursam was, I do not know; but Markevitch was a stern judge of people, and his praise was not a matter for jest. I was very pleased with myself, and everything was well with me. I had a little store saved up, and was contemplating marriage. I had even fixed upon a suitable young woman. Then suddenly, quite imperceptibly, I began to become aware of the whole peril of life.

"The most confounding questions began to arise insistently within me. Why was I successful in everything? Why was it only I? Such questions startled me at every turn, until I could not sleep. I would become weary in the middle of the day, like a horse after plowing, and would lie down with eyes wide open, asking myself, 'Why am I successful? Of course, I have abilities; I say my prayers; I am not a fool; I am modest and sober. Nevertheless, there are so many people around me, so much better than I, yet fortune does not come their way.' This much was perfectly clear. And I thought, 'Lord, why do you permit such a condition of things? By these same tokens I lie like a cherry in sugar, and someone may presently eat me up.' From such thoughts as these I could give myself no rest. I felt that in the very success which had thus far marked my life, there was hidden an uncanny something which was enticing me with dainties—to what did it entice me?

"I asked in my heart, 'Where, O Lord, art thou leading me?' But Mister God was silent, silent. . . . Then I determined to live dishonestly for a time, to see what might happen. I took 420 rubles from the vault, remembering that for the theft of more than three hundred rubles one is tried in the District Court. Very well, then, I stole. Naturally, the money was soon missed; and Philip Karlovitch, who was the kindest of men, conducted an inquiry. Nothing could be discovered. Then I contrived in such manner that no one but I could be suspected. I could see that Philip Karlovitch was agitated and in anguish. Why should I make a good man suffer? I asked myself. So I confessed to him that I had stolen the money. He did not believe me. 'You are jesting,' he shouted. Finally, however, I convinced him; and he told the mistress, who became frightened.

"'What has happened to you, Stepan?' she demanded.

"'Take me to court,' I replied.

"At this she became so angry that she flushed violently and plucked the trimming of her blouse until it tore. 'To

* Translated by William A. Drake and Max Stetsky.

court I will not take you,' she cried, 'but you are behaving so insolently that, as you yourself will realize . . .'

"I did realize, so I left the place. Then I went to Moscow, and from there I returned the money by mail, under another name."

"But why did you do it?" I asked the old man. "Was it because you wanted to experience suffering?"

He raised his eyebrows incredulously and smiled into his beard. Then the smile vanished. "No. Why should I wish to suffer? I desire a quiet life. I was simply overcome with curiosity to know why I was successful. And perhaps it was caution that urged me; perhaps I did it to discover how definite my success really was. Then again, it was possibly only youth. So a man sports with his destiny. But it is not only sport. I had lived exceptionally; I was petted and fondled like a lap dog. On every side of me were people who moaned and complained, yet it seemed that I had been sentenced by Mister God to live a quiet life until the end of my days. Every one about me had all manner of trials, yet I had none, as if I had not merited the ordinary fate of man. That was all, I suppose."

"Well, there I was, lying in a room in a Moscow hotel, thinking. Anyone else they would have dragged to court for one ruble, yet me they had left at liberty with four hundred rubles. It was somewhat comical. Here was luck! But no, I thought to myself; wait! I began to observe the people around me. The hotel was a filthy hole, and the people in it all of questionable appearance; they were actors, gamblers, and loose women. One of them pretended to be a cook; he proved, however, to be a professional burglar. I contrived an acquaintance with him, and asked him how he was making out."

"So-so," he replied. "Sometimes thick, sometimes thin. And at other times there is nothing doing at all."

"We entered into conversation. 'I am contemplating a little job,' he said, 'but I am in need of good instruments. These instruments are indispensable, but I have no money.'"

"Ah, I thought, so that is what he is about! I asked him if he intended anyone's life. He was offended."

"What are you talking about?" he exclaimed. "My head is too precious to me."

"Well, I gave him the money for the instruments; but stipulated that, for my reward, he should allow me to accompany him on the 'job.' At first he refused and endeavored to dissuade me; but in the end he took me with him."

"I did not find his occupation to my liking. It appeared that we had gone to visit someone who was not at home. The door was opened by a dark-faced girl, whom apparently he knew. He trussed her up at once, hand and foot. Then he began searching the closets. He whistled as he worked. The thing was very simple. We left as we had come, without experiencing the slightest disturbance. The man left Moscow at once, but like a fool I remained. 'Well,' I thought, 'success still pursues me.' The thing was amusing enough, yet it exasperated me."

"A few days later, I went to the theater. As I took my seat in the balcony, I saw the dark-faced girl sitting a few seats away. She was watching the stage, drying her eyes with a handkerchief. During the intermission I went over to her."

"Your face is familiar," I said.

"She did not reply; but when I recalled to her the occasion of our first meeting, she begged me to speak more quietly."

"What is troubling you, that you should weep?" I asked her.

"I pity the prince so much," she replied. In the scene some prince was suffering."

"After the performance, she went with me to a *traktir*, and from thence I took her to my room. Thereafter we lived together. She assumed that I also was a professional burglar, and asked me if I had no 'business' in view. I replied that I had not."

"Very well," she replied, "I'll introduce you to a few of my friends." She did so, and I found that even if they were thieves, they were excellent fellows. One of them especially, Kotza Bashmakov, was a strange prodigy of nature. He was a very child, so bright and jolly a soul was he. I became very fond of him. At length I confessed to him that I really was not in need, but had only become a thief out of curiosity."

"I, too," he replied, "became a thief because of too much happiness. There is so much that is good in the world, and it is so pleasant to live! Sometimes I wanted to go out into the streets, shouting, 'Brothers, take me! I am a thief!'"

"He was an amazingly merry fellow, but soon after I met him he broke his arm while jumping from a train, and went to the prairies to cure himself on *kumiss*. For ten months I frequented this company. There were ten of us in the group. We robbed houses and trains, and every day I expected something to chance amiss. But each adventure was brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The leader of the company, Michail Petrovitch Borochoy, who was an honorable and sensible man, once remarked, 'Ever since Stepan joined us, fortune has come our way.'"

"These words abruptly recalled me from my new activity, and once more I became preoccupied with my inner self. 'What shall I do next?' I began asking myself. Should I commit murder? The thought entered my heart like a wound; there it remained, until it became corroding as an abscess. At night I would sit on the edge of my cot, with my hands on my knees, wondering. 'Why is it, Lord God!' I would cry. 'Does it, then, not matter to you what I might think? Now I can contemplate murder without affection, and I could as simply consummate it. Why is that?' But Mister God was silent."

The old man sighed heavily and spread some jelly on his bread.

"Yet you are a very proud man," I remarked.

Once more he raised his heavy, bushy brows and fixed his porcelain eyes upon mine. Now they seemed vacant and harshly bright. "No, not at all," he answered, meanwhile shielding with exquisite care his beard from the stains of the jelly. "No man has anything to make him proud, I take it." And, deftly thrusting the small bits of the bread into his hairy mouth, he proceeded in the same quiet tone, as if he were talking to a total stranger, for whom he had no special liking: "And so Mister God was silent. About that time came an unusually tempting opportunity. We had effected an entrance into a summer house, and while we were ransacking it we suddenly heard out of the dark a sleepy, childish voice, crying, 'Oh, uncle, is it you?'"

"My companion leaped out onto the balcony, but I remained; and upon closer observation I saw someone moving behind a door. I opened the door, and beheld a boy about twelve years of age, lying on a bed. He was scratching his head, and I noticed that his hair was uncommonly

long. 'Uncle!' he cried again. My hands and feet trembled as I looked at him. Here, I thought, was my opportunity. Go ahead, Stepan, go ahead! But I halted myself just in time. No, I protested to myself, I should not go so far as that! Perhaps it was your Mister God who tempted me to crime, even to the murder of a human being. No, no, it should not be. . . . This conjecture filled me with such a blind fury that I do not remember even how I left the house; but presently I found myself in the woods. I was sitting under a tree, and my companion was beside me, smoking a cigarette and swearing quietly. It was drizzling, and the woods were filled with tinkling whispers; and before my eyes in the darkness I fancied I could see that defenseless boy, wholly in my power. One moment more, and there should be no boy! Well . . .

"The hallucination consumed me with rage. I could not make peace with my wrath, and began to feel myself like an equally defenseless boy in the grip of my own fury. Just think of it, seriously—here we are sitting, and you do not know what I might do a moment from now, nor do I know what you might do. Suddenly, anything might happen—for all sorts of thoughts pass through one's head—suddenly, either you or I . . .

"This mental defenselessness is very alluring. And, in general, who directs our consciousness? That is precisely it. In the morning I went directly into town to the magistrate, Mr. Suyatuchine. 'Arrest me, please, your honor,' I said to him; 'I am a thief.' He proved to be an exceptionally good *barin*, so affable, so thin, and only a little silly, as they all are.

"'Why,' he remonstrated, 'do you confess it? Have you quarreled with your companions over the booty?'

"I had no companions, I told him; I worked alone. Then, foolishly enough, I told him my whole history, as I am telling it to you: about my odd predicament, and how cruelly Mister God had been sporting with me."

At this point I interrupted him. "But why, Stepan Illych," I asked, "do you think it was God, and not the devil?"

"There is no devil," the old man explained, with confident assurance. "There is no devil. That is only an invention of the shrewd. People invented him to justify their foolishness, as well as for the greater benefit of Mister God, so that His reputation might not suffer. There are only God and man—nothing else. And all those characters who are supposed to be possessed of the devil, such as Cain and the Czar Ivan the Terrible, are likewise the inventions of the shrewd. They were invented that the sins and crimes of all mankind might be burdened in each age upon a single person. You may take my word for it. We rascals of men debase ourselves, and then we invent something worse than ever we can be. . . .

"But let us come back to the magistrate. The walls of his room were adorned with pictures, and the whole atmosphere of his home signified him to be a man of culture. His face was kindly. But a gentle face means nothing—under this sign much rotten goods are sold. While I was talking with him, someone was drumming away at a piano above my head, and it was very unpleasant to have to listen to this and to the magistrate's empty chatter. Ekh, I thought, how confused everything was there!

"I talked for a long time, and the magistrate listened to me as in church an old woman listens to the priest. He understood nothing. 'Of course,' he said, 'you must be

tried, but I can guarantee that you will be acquitted if you tell the jury all that you have told me. And it seems to me that you have before you, not prison, but a monastery.'

"I was offended. 'You have not understood,' I exclaimed, 'and I shall waste no more words with you!' He sent me to the police station, and there the detectives busied themselves with me. 'We know,' they said, 'that you were not alone in the thefts in which you participated. Tell us who were your accomplices? Then come to us when you have been set free, and we will give you employment.'

"Naturally, I refused to betray my friends, and the police beat me for my obstinacy. Truly, I have suffered a little. Then I was put on trial—I found it very dull, and refused to speak to the judges. They were offended, so they committed me to prison. In the prison I was confined among men who were like worms and beasts. I was appointed overseer. Ekh, I thought, this is bad, Mister God; this is very bad! Then I saw that, however man may live and whatever he may do, it is Mister God who orders his existence.

"As to prison, just as about a wart, there is nothing good to tell. When I was released I loitered here and there, looking around, and eventually I started to work in a cast-iron mill, but soon gave it up. It was too hot. Besides, I do not like cast iron and steel, or any other metal. From metals arise all the hardships of life—weight, dust, and all the forms of rust. Without metals, man would be simpler, and he would live more virtuously.

"Thereafter I performed all kinds of labor, even descending, I must confess, to the most menial services. Eventually I came to work in the bath-house. And now it is seventeen years that I have been bathing people and trying not to obtrude myself upon them. I have concluded that there is little wisdom in all our agitations, and none at all when one looks at life seriously. I live without God, and I am sorry for people because of their helplessness against Him. My life I find somewhat lonely. That is all."

Reunion

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

By some derision of wild circumstance
Not then our pleasure somehow to perceive,
Last night we fell together to achieve
A light eclipse of years. But the pale chance
Of youth resumed was lost. Time gave a glance
At each of us, and there was no reprieve;
And when there was at last a way to leave,
Farewell was a foreseen extravagance.

Tonight the west has yet a failing red,
While silence whispers of all things not here;
And round there where the fire was that is dead,
Dusk-hidden tenants that are chairs appear.
The same old stars will soon be overhead,
But not so friendly and not quite so near.

The Land of Leisure

By MAX EASTMAN

Moscow, September 1

AFTER a night in a comfortable hotel by the sea, we went back to Riga to secure our tickets to Moscow from the Russian embassy. The passport functionary here was almost magically friendly and gentle, and I think it was due in an indirect way to the unfriendliness of the same functionary in Berlin. He was one of those growling desk-dogs who seemed to think it his function, as representing a proletarian government in a bourgeois country, to be as surly and unobliging as possible. He looked me over and decided that either the cut of my clothing or the indolence of my manner was essentially bourgeois—as indeed without doubt they both are—and he told me that he did not have any authorization to admit me into Russia. I happened to know that the authorization was in his desk, but he showed no disposition to look for it. I do not know how long he might have found it necessary to demonstrate the class-struggle in the privacy of that office if I had not just happened to meet Chicherin as I was coming into the building, and he had not happened to remember me, and remember that I did a little work of translation for him in Genoa. I asked the passport functionary to telephone Chicherin while I waited, and the result was not only a passport, but a passport bearing the magical word *byezplatno* the literal translation of which is “without paying,” but which really seems to mean, as far as I can judge from its effects, “In spite of his manners and the bad cut of his clothes, this guy is all right.”

We had to wait three hours while our railroad tickets were being “drawn up,” but when we got them we saw that they called for a stateroom in the “diplomatic wagon,” and for that we were very glad, because as the time drew near to be “herded in like animals” we were getting more and more anxious to be numbered among the blooded stock.

I ought to explain that my use here of the word “we” does not imply the usual editorial duplicity. It refers to the invaluable company of Albert Rhys Williams, a great creative genius who had invented a language that the Russians understood almost as well as their own, although I never could see any similarity between the two.

The train for Moscow was a terrible disappointment. I couldn't find one single thing the matter with it. The cars are wider than railroad cars in America, and that is delightful. The second-class cars have no upholstery; the bunks are made of hard wood. And as there are two upper ones, the effect is like shelves. It is a little funny to see people arranged on shelves like dishes, but it is not either “filthy” or “congested.” There is certainly less “herding” done all over Russia in a week than there is in New York City in one afternoon.

Our own cabin was a great big square room like a two-story tent, with a table between the beds, and an enormous space like a hay-mow upstairs—room there for all family pets and belongings. There was clean white bed-linen at a mild price, and a friendly young host in a workingman's shirt who came in every once in a while to know if we wouldn't like some tea. He had a campfire in a samovar at the other end of the car, and on the whole that journey from Riga to Moscow was more like camping out than

traveling. The absence of a uniform on this young man, and his easygoing and hospitable manners, had something to do with it—and then the big windows and the extraordinary amount of space. But I believe the sweet, benign, sedative influence of the abundance of time was also beginning to be felt. We were in Russia and among Russians.

I have not calculated the exact variation of the time factor which occurs upon crossing the border into Russia, but I have made some observations which may be of help to future travelers. I think the ratio is somewhere in the vicinity of six to one. The annual convention of the Communist International lasted a month and eight days, and the longest political convention I ever heard of in the United States lasted not over a week. The wait between the acts in a Russian theater gives you time to go home and change the baby and come back again. In Russia it takes three minutes after you reach the window to buy a postage-stamp, the stamp being identified, sorted out, and carefully severed from its fellow-stamps with a pair of scissors. It takes, under the most favorable circumstances, five minutes to buy a railroad ticket; no Russian thinks of coming to a train less than an hour in advance. The great mass of the passengers is there a half a day before the train starts, but this is due, I think, to another peculiarity of Russian time—namely, that it is not very accurately divided. The Russians do not pay much attention to the behavior of the planetary system. They each have their own time of day. This is sometimes very convenient. If for some reason you want it to be a certain time of day, you just go and hunt up a clock that tells that time of day, and it is. But obviously it is not convenient when it comes to catching trains. There the need for a certain social approximation is met among the general public by taking the household furniture and going and living for a while in the station.

From all these facts I infer that there is about six times as much time in Russia as there is in our anxious land; time is worth about one-sixth as much. If you know this simple astronomical and economic fact to begin with, it will save you a great deal of nervous anguish, and prevent many erroneous psychological judgments about the Russian people—particularly the judgment that they are lazy. They are not lazy, they are leisurely. In the house where I am staying now it takes five people a quarter of an hour, or one person an hour and a quarter, to prepare my breakfast of coffee and toast and eggs. But they are all busy all the time they are doing it. I do not begin to get mad until the proper interval according to Russian time is past, and thus I lead a very peaceful life and keep my digestion. There is a girl who comes in and cleans up my room. I never see her, as she comes after I have gone out, and goes away before I come back, but I communicate with her by leaving notes on the pillow. One day I asked her to take my soiled clothes to a laundry and have them done *immediately* as I was leaving town for a few days. That evening when I came back I found the laundry carefully put away in the drawer and a note on my pillow, saying that since I wanted it done immediately, she would inquire at the laundry how soon they could do it, and then let me know with a note the next morning, and then the morning after that, if her report was satisfactory, I could leave word for her to take the clothes to the laundry. It is a great mistake to confuse this attitude toward life with indolence. The Russian mind gears in differently with the motion of the planet.

Russia's Era of Revival

By ISAIAH J. HOORGIN

IS there really an increase of prosperity in Russia now that the years of war, blockade, and famine are finally over?

Skepticism toward Soviet Russia is by no means the least virtue of some people, and all those virtuous gentlemen who firmly believe that the growth of national wealth is incompatible with the Soviet regime must be disappointed again. For this purpose it is not even necessary to resort to any complicated statistical calculations. The plain ordinary facts of everyday life speak for themselves and testify, more eloquently than figures, to the improvement of the material well-being of the Soviet Republics.

The All-Union Agricultural Exposition has recently been taking place in Moscow. The workers and peasants are proud of it and have good reason to be. Daily thousands of peasants from the remotest and darkest corners of the Soviet Republics came to Moscow to visit the exposition. These tourists had not the faintest idea, nor have they any now, of that excellent establishment, Thomas Cook and Sons; neither had they the money necessary. In Moscow they were the guests of the workers and clerks of the Moscow factories and institutions. In order to arrange an exposition, to bring thousands of guests thousands of miles—all this requires money. It could not have been thought of in 1920 when, even if they had had the evil intention of doing so, they could scarcely have considered breaking the law which in the interests of economy of fuel prohibited the heating of apartments to a temperature of over 47 degrees.

Another fact. The problem of aviation now engages the mind of the Russian public. The idea of owning airplanes, conquering the vast stretches of Russian territory, quickening or "Americanizing" the lazy tempo of life inherited as a legacy of czarism, charms and attracts. And voluntary collections for the building of airplanes are in full swing. Everywhere—in the workshop, in the government institution, in the peasant's cooperative society, and in the provincial labor union. The newspapers carry entire columns of names. One contributes a single dollar, another two, five. All these contributions come from simple workers and clerks. These facts, of course, do not prove any considerable prosperity. It is rather proof of an

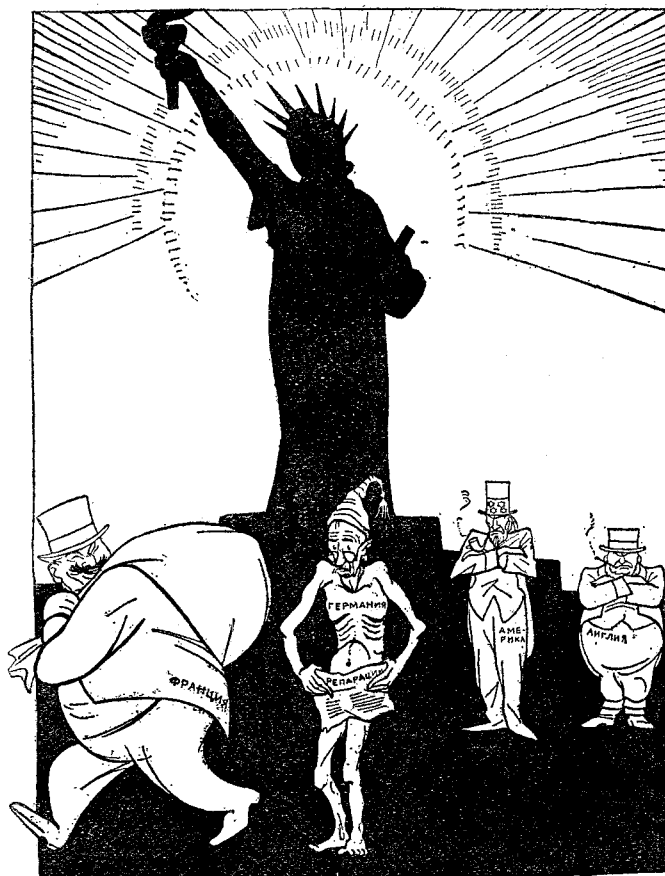
astounding capacity for sacrifice. At last these people can give vent to their desire; they do now have money.

The Union of the Sickle and the Hammer is now only entering upon the seventh year of its existence. Systems of national economy do not arise like Venus out of the sea-foam, and the periods of their creation and development are measured, in the history of mankind, by decades if not by entire centuries. Even if the past six years of Soviet rule had been years of peaceful and undisturbed economic endeavor, it would have been childish to expect that the tremendous problem of building up the economic life of the nation on a systematic, integrated basis should be completed by the sixth anniversary. But the past years have been by no means years of peaceful work. Five-sixths of them were spent in bitter fighting, accompanied by constant destruction of vital parts of the country's economic fabric. Yet one year of more or less peaceful work has yielded tangible proofs of progress from economic disruption to a revival under a new economic system.

The economic history of the past six years should be divided into three periods. The first one, until the summer of 1918, embracing altogether seven months, was the period devoted to taking possession, rather in a mechanical sense, of the apparatus of the country's economic life and of subordinating it physically to the interests of the new master of the land.

Least of all did the theorists and creators of the Soviet system imagine the possibility of bringing into existence a socialist system with one stroke of the revolutionary sword. It was mainly a question of transferring into the hands of the new government those branches of industry which were already prepared for systematic and centralized management by their previous economic development.

Changes of economic systems have always been accompanied by a definite period of transition, in the course of which the growing new system has existed side by side with the old outgrown system. Such a transitional period was practically necessitated by the domestic and international situation of Soviet Russia. The enormous, numerically overwhelming mass of small peasant-producers, and the need of participating for years to come in the economic life of the world jointly with the capitalist countries, were



France Germany America England
Not in a dark alley; but out in broad daylight in the
presence of distinguished witnesses

(From Projektor, Moscow)

the determining factors of the economic development of the revolution from the moment of its victory.

The first period was molded entirely by these factors. The Soviet Government was endeavoring to map out the economic boundaries of that transitional period. But this period was of too short duration to yield any substantial results. It was interrupted by the second period, which lasted for three years, until the summer of 1921, and which was marked by the bitter and relentless struggle for the very existence—the mere physical existence—of the new regime. War was waged against the Soviets in all the forms known to mankind today. The Soviet regime had no choice in the matter. It was compelled to take up the fight which had been foisted upon it, and once having taken it up, to fight with all the determination of which it was capable. This was not ordinary war with a defined front and rear. The sparks of war were scattered—in every city, in every village, frequently even within the same family. The war was being waged essentially with the object of conquering economic positions, and the front touched upon everything—every repair-shop, every small store, every provincial market-place. The adversary had to be forced out of every position. This was rather a matter of military strategy than of economics. And at the same time everything within the country had to be whipped into line for one purpose—defense. One gave his life, another had to offer his labor, a third his bread. Under conditions of dire privation, this was rather a matter of severe military morale than of policy. If the first period was logically indispensable, the second period may be considered theoretically as unnecessary. In a different international situation it might at least have assumed different and less devastating forms.

At the first opportunity to lay aside its war weapons, the Soviet Government resumed the work of economic reconstruction. The turn of the tide came even prior to the formal ratification of the peace treaty with Poland, which put an end to the last of the wars in which Soviet Russia had been involved, and the summer of 1921 marks the beginning of the third period, known as the period of the new economic policy. If within six years in the history of mankind one can distinguish between new and old, it would be more exact to christen the third period that of the old policy. In fact, this third period was a legitimate and logical sequel of the first. The armed warfare which the Soviet Government was forced to wage for its very existence did not change and could not radically change those fundamental economic problems with which it was confronted at the beginning of the revolution. The organization of the country's economic life during the period of transition remained the basic problem. However, while the war did not change the essence of the problem, it considerably altered the conditions of its solution. While on the one hand the Soviet Government emerged from the period of struggle stronger both physically and morally, while it had accumulated some experience in economic organization during that period, on the other hand the country's industries had been subjected to a tremendous drain, and the most vital arteries had been badly torn and twisted.

Under these conditions the third period was ushered in. This period has lasted somewhat over two years, in the course of which all the efforts and thought of the Soviet authorities have been focused exclusively on its economic problems. But even of this brief period at least one-half

should be discounted. The drought which brought about the dreadful famine, more cruel and devastating than the war through which Russia had just then passed, coincided with the first steps of the new economic policy. Some wits are inclined to attribute the drought also to the unnatural actions of the Soviet Government. But if we cast aside these meteorological revelations and estimate instead the cost of maintenance on a mere starvation basis of the famine-stricken regions, not to mention the damage sustained by agriculture, it will be apparent that the economic progress achieved during the past year would have been doubled if the famine had not occurred.

It is only with these facts briefly recalled to memory that one should estimate the economic results of this first and only year in which the Soviet Government has been at all in a position to concentrate its attention on the task of economic reconstruction. I say "at all" because the past year like its predecessors had been graced by increasing diplomatic conflicts and tremendous upheavals in the European economic life of which the Union of Soviet Republics forms an inseparable component part.

The industrial achievements of the Union of Soviet Republics are characterized by the following data. For the fiscal year 1922-1923 (in the Soviet Union the fiscal year begins on October 1) the industrial output is estimated at 1,118 million gold rubles.* This is as yet a low figure, amounting to only 32 per cent of the pre-war output of Russia's industries. Nevertheless, this is a substantial achievement. The year 1921-1922 yielded an industrial output valued at 829 million gold rubles, whereas at the beginning of the new economic policy the yearly output of the country's industries was only 511 million gold rubles. Last year's production has been doubled as compared with the year 1920, and it exceeds by 35 per cent that of the year immediately preceding.

The achievements of the past year will stand out in greater relief in the light of the following comparative figures. If we take 100 to express the figures for the first half of the fiscal year 1921-1922, then the output for the same period of 1922-1923 would amount to 141, the number of workers employed to 113, and the productivity of the labor of the individual worker, 124.

In the domain of foreign trade the past year had been marked above all by a particularly noteworthy attainment—the resumption of export of Russian agricultural produce, which had always been of great importance to the Russian farmer. As in the case of the industries, the total amount of trade turn-over is considerably below the pre-war level, of which it amounts to only 12.3 per cent. But while in 1921-1922 the imports amounted to 282.3 million gold rubles, they had been reduced in 1922-1923 to 144 million gold rubles, whereas the exports, which were estimated at 63.9 million rubles for the year 1921-1922, had reached the sum of 130 million gold rubles in the year 1922-1923. This last amount does not include all those large quantities of grain which are now on the way to the various foreign markets. Within the next year it is expected that the trade turn-over will be doubled with a decidedly large excess of exports over imports.

But the most outstanding results are revealed by a review of the financial work of the Union. At the beginning of the last fiscal year the outstanding item of the Union's revenue was the issue of currency, which provided

* 1 gold ruble equals 51.4 cents.

46.3 per cent, while taxes composed 24.4 per cent and the profits from state industries and commerce yielded 29.3 per cent. Nine months later the issue of currency covered only 26.8 per cent, the taxes rose slightly to 29.3 per cent while the revenue from sources other than taxation increased to 43.9 per cent. At the same time the monthly average revenue increased from 65 million gold rubles to 88.3 million gold rubles. During the past few months the relative importance of the issue of currency has sunk still further, having been reduced to 15 million gold rubles per month, or about 15 per cent of the total income, and in the budget of the next year its role will be of practically no significance. Within those rigid limits which are dictated by the financial poverty of the Union this signifies an approach toward a real stabilization of the budget.

Simultaneously, within the past ten months, a new stable monetary unit—the *chervonetz**—has been created in Russia and is growing in stability. It has won a firm position on the exchange and it is successfully supplanting, for internal circulation, the dollars and pounds which found their way into Russia on account of the collapse of the paper ruble. Another feature—during the past year the number of paper rubles increased 83 times while prices increased 56 times.

The leaders of the Union of Soviet Republics are not inclined to overestimate these results. The famine in funds greatly obstructs all progress. Economic decay is tightening its grip on Europe. But the Soviet Union which took shape this year under the guiding sign of economic revival has the strength to safeguard its further development. It is now both economically and politically many times stronger than it was when it entered the struggle for its existence.

In the House of the Sugar King

By JESSICA SMITH

THIRTY versts outside of Moscow, through tall pine trees hiding the gaily frescoed *dachas* where sugar and cotton kings of Russia used to while away their summer hours, converted now into rest homes for the workers or vacation homes for the children of Moscow, you come to a station bearing the name of Pushkin. The station swarms with children, from the dozens of childrens' colonies nearby, and the air is filled with shrill happy voices. A high sweet call sounds insistently above the merry clamor on the station platform. We send back an answering "halloo!"—nimble-footed, fleet figures come flying toward us down the railroad track. Suddenly we are smothered in vigorous embraces as Shura and Varya and Katya and Alexey and Ivan throw themselves upon us, clinging to our arms and hands, showering us with bright flowers they have just gathered, and tall Pavel comes shyly up behind and greets us in quaint English.

We turn off into the woods where the ground is soft with pine-needles, and the air rich with the smell of them. More calls ahead, and answering calls around us, a burst of song—elves and fairies dart out from behind the trees, and spring from the ground beneath our feet. And so we come to the yellow and white mansion where the children and teachers of the Musical Art School of Pushkin live. On the wide balcony in front a black-haired little fellow

with the face of a prize-fighter is practicing on the flute. He is utterly oblivious of the hullabaloo we are raising below. "He's only been playing the flute a week, and he can't think of anything else," the other children explain. From somewhere inside come the notes of a Chopin waltz.

We are pulled in ten directions. "Come, climb the meteorological tower!" the boys insist, "we built it ourselves," and they urge us toward a high tower hung with garlands, and flying a red flag, from the dizzy heights of which they observe the heavens and the surrounding landscape, and test the rainfall and the temperature. "Come, see the new stage we are building! We are getting ready to give 'Boris Godounoff'—Pavel there is to be Boris." And we are swept around the corner to the big side piazza where some of the boys are carrying on a great hammering and pounding, while the girls sit and sew curtains and costumes out of old sacking which they have dyed bright colors.

We are led into the big central room, hung with sketches and paintings by the children, battle-axes and shields from their plays, pictures of Lenin and Trotzky. Big Colia, who is a scientist as well as an actor and a musician, pulls us away to his museum in the attic where he has collected and classified all the birds and beasts and flowers and stones of the neighborhood.

In our progress through the various rooms and corridors we run into the Princess of "Prince Igor," Snegurotchka of the "Snow Maiden," Tytyl of the "Blue Bird," and other famous characters. Sounds of music are everywhere in the air. "You see," the children tell us, "summer is the best time to practice. In the winter we have our school work, and so many other things—and then Comrade Tsibin, our director, can be with us so little, for he has to play the flute in the orchestra at the Bolshoy Theater every night. But now he is with us every day, and we have lots of time to practice."

After tea there is a concert by these future artists of the Bolshoy Theater. The boy orchestra plays the merry "Mel-nitza" in which you can hear the mill-wheel going around and around, and feel the flour-dust sifting through the air, the march from "The Hump-Backed Horse," and a variety of other selections rendered amazingly well. There are voice, violin, and cello solos, choruses, dances. The light is very bad, and two flickering lamps have to be carried here and there, but they do not seem to be in the least daunted by material difficulties. Every child has something to contribute to the program, they are beautifully trained, and some of them very gifted.

After the concert we leap into the Russian folk dances with the children, and go swinging and whirling around with them to their great delight. Then the room is transformed quickly into a dining-room, we eat soup and *kasha* and black bread. The tables cleared, the younger children are sent off to bed, and the Soviet assemblies. Directors, teachers, and children participate equally in the discussions and decisions. There are serious problems to be considered tonight. First, there is the question of two of the boys who are so interested in their music that they refuse to do their share of the other work of the community—one of them a gifted pianist, the other the black-haired little flute player we had seen when we arrived. Then there is the problem of where and how they are to get sheets, blankets, heavy clothing, violin strings, wood for the winter—for the Soviet government has not the means to support such institutions as it had hoped to be able to, and the local educational de-

* Par \$5.14; recent quotations are \$5.

partments are also poor, so they are badly pressed for means to carry on.

At last all the children have gone to bed. Tovarish Tsibin and his wife, who is manager of the school, are very weary. But even yet they feel they have not done enough. Tovarish Tsibin is a gentle, bearded little man in a Tolstoi blouse, and besides being the director of the Musical Art School, he is the foremost flute player in Russia. He plays a little now, exquisitely—apologizing that he is too tired to play more, and his sweet-faced wife, who has the voice of an angel, sings for us.

As Vera, their daughter, a pale, golden-haired girl of fifteen, is arranging the mattresses and bedding for us on the tables in the concert hall, she tells us how they came to be living in this lovely spot.

When the school was first started, three years ago, they had lived in a much smaller house a few versts nearer Moscow. But it was very crowded and uncomfortable. They had to eat and sleep and have lessons all in one room. Besides, winter was coming on, and none of the stoves worked. They appealed to the Department of Education, and they received a paper ordering the Sugar King, who was at that time occupying his *dacha* in Pushkin, to let the Musical Art School move in. A deputation of children went to him with the paper, saying: "You are one, and we are many. You use your house only for pleasure, and we must have it for work."

The sugar magnate was deaf to their pleading, and turned them away. But while the children were there they had discovered a wing of two rooms which were not in use. A group of the older boys went back and requested him to open up this wing for them. He refused, so they broke in and took possession. They brought all their things, and even held their classes there, while the girls brought food twice a day from the other house. They begged for more room—for the use of the kitchen. But the Sugar King was adamant. The children grew desperate. It was getting so cold in the other house that their fingers were too stiff to play. One day the boys at the big house heard that the Sugar King was planning a concert for that evening. They went over to the other house and held a council of war.

That night the Sugar King's table sparkled with silver and glass that had escaped confiscation, and his table was laden with the good food and wines that he was somehow able to get when everyone else was starving. The Sugar King and his guests ate and drank and made merry far into the evening, and then the musicians and guests repaired to the big drawing-room for the concert. The lights were switched on, and there, filling the room were rows and rows of little wooden beds—in each one of them a sleeping child. There was no concert that night.

The Sugar King raged. But he could do nothing against so many. He locked the kitchen against them—they climbed in through the window. They needed more room; when he refused, they calmly took possession, and soon they were carrying on the organized life of the school. From one room to another the Sugar King retreated before the advancing hordes of the children. At last he could stand it no more. He gathered together as much of his furniture and precious possessions as he could in a nearby cottage, and fled to a hospitable border state. All he left behind was a great heavy safe. To this day it stands unopened in the concert room. They do not know whether it is full of gold and jewels or not, and have never taken the trouble to

find out. But now at last Tovarish Tsibin finds that he needs it to keep things in, and is beginning to talk of having it opened.

The Sugar King came back last summer to have a look at his *dacha*. He was delighted at the good condition in which he found it, and said he could imagine no tenants he would rather have had. He is probably banking on happier days when the old order will return to Russia, and his *dacha* will be returned to him in good condition. But I bank on this vigorous young generation of proletarian musicians and artists and scientists who have come into their own because power has been wrested from the Sugar Kings—and who will not lightly give up what they have won.

The Soviet Press

By L. TALMY

OF the many things which the bolshevik revolution "wiped out of existence" in Russia the press is one of the most lamented. It is still the popular notion that the Soviet press is made up of a few government-owned official sheets faithfully carrying out the dictations of the powers that be; that the Soviet journalist is a mute slave of whom only blind obedience is required or expected.

Somehow this conception of the Soviet press does not bear out the fact that of the score of leading dailies published in Moscow and Petrograd alone no two are quite alike in character. Each one of these newspapers has its distinct individuality which makes it easier to distinguish between two newspapers in collectivist communist Russia than in individualist America. The individuality is manifested not alone in the external appearance of the papers, their size, make-up, print, etc., but even more in those things which give a newspaper its soul: contents, style, treatment of news, editorials, reaction toward the thousand big and little things which come up to the surface in the everyday life of the republic. The only thing which all the newspapers in Soviet Russia have in common is their loyalty and allegiance to the Soviet form of government and the ultimate aim it stands for—the organization of society along the lines of communism. Within these limits they retain the highest degree of independence, indulging in sharp and bitter criticism of persons and institutions without regard to their standing and position. They retain their different character which, it is true, is not shaped by the personality of the editor so much as by the individuality of the different groups of readers to which they appeal and whose interests they serve. However, this very fact tends to put the different characteristics of the newspapers in bolder relief, since the individuality of a group is more pronounced than that of an individual.

In Soviet Russia more than anywhere else it is not the journalist who makes the press, but it is the press which makes the journalist. In fact, in Soviet Russia this rule (with only a few exceptions) is true in a literal sense. When the Soviet Government was confronted with the problem of creating the new labor press, representative of the proletarian dictatorship, there were no journalists to begin with. There are a number of brilliant writers among the leading Communists but for the most part they are not identified as such. Lenin, Trotzky, Kamenev, Zinoviev, and even Radek are not thought of as journalists, although they

still devote a great deal of their time to journalistic work.

Before the revolution there was no labor press amounting to anything. When the Soviet Government suspended the publication of the bourgeois press and the press of the socialist opposition parties and nationalized their plants, the old-timers in the journalistic profession—most of them—left Moscow and Petrograd in a hurry and went to those parts of Russia which were under the occupation of the different white and interventionist armies. This happened as late as the summer of 1918—about ten months after the October revolution. Until then the opposition press, although frankly counter-revolutionary, had been tolerated by the Soviet authorities. Only when the English landed troops in Archangel and Kolchak became active in the Volga region while General Krassnov threatened the Soviet forces from the Don, were the opposition newspapers suppressed.

The new Soviet press was then created in great haste to meet the requirements of the fierce civil struggle which ensued. It was created through a virtual mobilization of all Communists and sympathizers who could muster a pen and it was subject to all the limitations of war time. It was under strict military censorship. Its scope was limited to striving and aiming at one goal—to overcome the enemy. The Soviet journalist was really a soldier, fighting with his pen and called upon to provide the army with the morale and the consciousness of a just cause which frequently supplemented the lack of real firearms. These conditions often led to excesses of naivete. Viewed today, the editor of some tiny town newspaper, debating political problems in dead earnest with Lloyd George and Millerand, would cut a comic figure. But in Russia even this sort of thing was born of necessity and served definite ends. For the worker, the peasant, the Red Army soldier, the premier of Great Britain was a reality incarnated in the white guards whom he met in active struggle.

When the civil war ended and the army was demobilized the press also was demobilized. It lost a great deal of its impetus and it began to deteriorate. Besides, the new economic policy was soon introduced, which meant that the newspapers were no longer provided for by the government but were forced to pay their own way. It also meant that the newspapers would not be distributed free of charge any more. The immediate results of these changes were disastrous for the press. Both the number of newspapers and their circulation fell with alarming rapidity. According to the data published in the Moscow monthly *Journalist*, the circulation of the newspapers immediately before the introduction of the new economic policy was about 4,000,000. It fell to about 2,600,000 in January, 1922, and kept on falling until it reached its lowest figure in August, 1922, when the circulation of all the newspapers totaled about 1,000,000 copies. The same applies to the number of newspapers which fell from 800 in January to 300 in August, 1922.

Since then, however, conditions have been constantly improving. The figures for each succeeding month show a steady growth in the number of newspapers and their circulation until, in February, 1923, at the time of the Fourth Congress of the Union of Journalists in Moscow, the number of newspapers had reached 500 and their total circulation was 2,000,000 copies, and is still climbing steadily upwards. The congress decided to initiate a campaign to give the newspapers a circulation of 10,000,000 copies daily by the end of the year, and, from later figures, it seems that the Soviet press is well on the way to achieve this lavish

number. The total circulation of the Russian press before the war was about 2,500,000.

This marked improvement is accounted for by the fact that the Soviet press was quick in adapting itself to the new conditions which arose with the termination of the civil war and the period of military communism coincident with it. The Soviet press is more and more becoming representative of the laboring masses, establishing an intimate contact with them, and voicing their sentiments and needs. The growth in the number of newspapers and their circulation is accounted for by the fact that they are more and more reaching into the farthest corners of the Soviet federation, to the workers in the shops and the peasants in the villages.

In pre-revolutionary Russia the newspaper was the companion of the few who had the privilege of living in the bigger centers. The villages and most of the smaller towns knew almost nothing of the existence of newspapers. Sometimes the village teacher and the small-town intellectual would subscribe to a metropolitan daily but that was seldom. The press was chiefly metropolitan. Outside of Moscow and Petersburg only the bigger centers of industrial, commercial, and intellectual life, such as Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa, Rostov, had newspapers of any considerable merit. Even the provincial capitals had for the most part only the official *Gubernskie Vedomosti* (Government Communications) containing official notices, and *prikazi* (orders) of the administration. The news was confined to the social events in the governor's palace and the *Dvorianskoye Sobranie* (the Assembly of Noblemen).

The Soviet press, on the contrary, is establishing itself in most of the smaller towns where it can better serve the neighboring community. The press is striving to become not only a press for the masses but also by the masses, to be intimately associated with them. It is in fact becoming a weapon in the hands of the new labor democracy which is being forged in the Soviet republic.

The new Soviet journalist is, for the most part, recruited from the ranks of the workers and peasants. Outside of a few special newspapers which appeal to a rather limited audience of specialists, the press in Soviet Russia is becoming a tribune of labor. In the industrial centers the newspapers have full staffs of workers' correspondents who are writing of the life and sentiments of the shops and factories. These correspondents are not outsiders in the factories. They live and work there. In the rural centers the newspapers establish their contact with the villages through the peasant correspondents.

Russia is now in a period of reconstruction in which all the forces of labor must be taxed. In this work the press plays a considerable part as an organizing and controlling factor. The journalist, both the professional and the workers' correspondent, enters the fabric of state construction as a component part performing a definite function.



From the *Projektor*, Moscow.

Europe in Washington

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

ONCE more Europe has drenched Washington with a visit from the best-known of all European public men and with a new revival of plans for American participation in the settlement of the reparations question, together with a considerable political disturbance ensuant upon the appointment of a confirmed pro-Leaguer, Mr. Frank B. Kellogg, of Minnesota, to represent this anti-League country in the American Embassy at London. People who are forgetful of American history see in these recurrent deluges of Washington by European affairs a sort of modernistic novelty. They are forgetful indeed.

In the administration of George Washington the affairs of Europe became so engrossing to the United States that it is validly possible for Mr. S. E. Forman in his history of the United States called "Our Republic" to say that "for twenty years the principal question to be asked about the politics of an American was: Does he belong to the French faction or to the English faction?"

Today in Washington, underneath all the formal public open talk about "helping Europe," or about refusing to "intermeddle" in Europe, the basic fact is increasingly coming to be that an American point of view regarding Europe is largely frustrated by personal factional preferences for a point of view French or British.

Statesmen come back here from Europe and in their public utterances call for an "American policy" toward Europe or assert that the United States should continue to maintain its "neutral aloofness." These utterances represent the ideas which statesmen are willing to put forth to the electorate with their names attached. Their utterances in private are usually of a much more revealing sort.

Some of our returning statesmen are deeply impressed by the difficult problems of the British and by what they regard as the valorous efforts made by the British to subdue those problems manfully. Such statesmen will say in private that they feel that the British are quite right in their opposition to the French in the matter of the Ruhr. When asked, however, if they are going to urge the United States to help the British pry the French out of the Ruhr, they remember that in their constituencies there are many persons, particularly in American Legion circles, who do not care to have the French pried out of the Ruhr at all.

Contrariwise, there are returning statesmen who are deeply impressed by the sufferings of France during the war and by what they regard as the heroic endeavors of the French to efface the results of those sufferings now in the devastated region and in France in general. Such statesmen think really that the United States should help France to collect from Germany the last pfennig of almost any indemnity which the French think they ought to have. When asked, however, if they will urge the American people to set forth on this emprise, they usually remember that in their constituencies there are many persons of German descent and of English descent and also many persons who simply, irrespective of descent, disagree with the French.

It is accordingly to be noticed that the statesmen who demand a policy in Europe are for the most part exceedingly careful to avoid saying what that policy should be. They may be willing to advocate an entrance into the League but

they are virtually invariably unwilling to say what they think we should do after we get into the League. They will say that they are willing to go to Europe but for the most part they will not say one word for publication as to what they would do in Europe after they had got there.

The reason for their reticence is that they thoroughly realize that no matter what they did after getting there they would displease a considerable fraction of their political followers. They are as devoid of a policy toward Europe as an "irreconcilable" could possibly be. The "irreconcilables" and the "participationists" are in fact in the end in one way exactly alike. The "irreconcilables" refuse to "participate" and the "participationists" refuse to say what it is they would seek through "participation" to do. Each position is in fact as negative as the other.

This truth can be seen from another slant if statesmen are asked just what it is that they expect to see come out of an international reparations meeting attended by the United States. Suppose that in that meeting the representative of the United States votes with the representative of Britain to reduce the present demanded total of reparation payments. Suppose then that the French Government refuses to consent to that reduction. What will the United States do? In response to that question the usual answer from "participationists" is to the effect that no country can afford to refuse to accept the verdict of the United States. If then it is pointed out that Germany in 1917 refused to accept our verdict on submarine warfare the final response elicited is usually a refusal to be quoted.

It is further to be remarked that no matter how emphatically an American representative might vote with the British on the subject of reparations he would utterly fail to gain the support or sanction of those Senators who believe that the French are right. No such thing exists in Washington as an American policy toward Europe to which the American friends of the British and the American friends of the French are willing to subordinate their factional personal views.

President Adams at the beginning of the last century thought it necessary to pass a sedition law and to put people in jail in order to subdue the sympathizers with France. President Madison, in the War of 1812, found the Union almost disrupted by sympathizers with England who came near preferring the extinction of the government at Washington to a war with the government at London. We are developing fast into an era of the same sort.

Three years ago we were divided really only into those who wished to help the Allies enforce the Treaty of Versailles and those who did not wish to help them. Now among those who wish to help the Allies we have those whose helpfulness would be extended to France and those whose helpfulness would be extended to England.

In these circumstances Mr. Hughes confines himself to offering to allow an American to take part in a reparations meeting which shall confine itself essentially to calculating Germany's capacity to pay—to doing, that is, a sum in arithmetical economics. If he essayed to bring pressure on the British or on the French to accept the results of that sum, he would turn the floor of the Senate into a sort of collision between the city of Paris and the city of London under an American roof. The American friends of Britain and the American friends of France are stronger than any American perception of any outrightly and merely American interest and policy toward Europe at large.

At Noon Saturday

Tokio, September 10

DEAR ———: The Japan that you and I knew and loved crumpled up and died at noon Saturday, September first. It would grieve you to see what is left as it would grieve you to see the funeral of a mutilated loved one. The Japan that you know, as it means Tokio, Yokohama, the seaside and mountain places, has simply ceased to exist. It will be very dreary and depressing during the years of building something to take its place. Karuizawa and Nikko are the only ones of our favorite holiday places, with the exception of South Japan which is undamaged, that are not destroyed. Kamakura, Myanoshita, Hakone, Atami, Dzushi—all—were simply bumped off the cliffs or sunk into the sea. The Fuji-ya Hotel at Myanoshita, where we have spent so many happy week-ends, was left marooned, a junk heap, many persons buried beneath the wreckage, with a chasm in front and one behind making escape impossible. Rescue parties from Tokio got there five days later.

We know nothing whatever of the rest of the world and we know nothing whatever of how the rest of the world got our story and what it knows of us. You can understand the agony that is to newspaper correspondents.

Of course we have no lights, water, gas, or trams. In fact I can't think of anything we have had but canned stuff and free food for the refugees at the Imperial Hotel—and earthquakes. The quakes, mild by comparison, have continued with nerve-trying regularity every half hour or so. Most of us are dressed in very disreputable garb and are greatly in need of a bath. O-Chio-san, my old cook, goes out and gets water in a bucket from somewhere. Wells and taps are running here and there. I don't mean that anyone is dying of thirst. You can get water somewhere. Yokohama, however, has none at all. People have almost perished from sheer thirst—those few who hadn't perished before—and of course the vast thousands of unburied dead make the health situation perilous. The quake itself was terrible here but it was ghastly in Yokohama. Yokohama simply doesn't exist—nothing. It crumpled instantly—the Bluff, all the foreign settlement, Japanese sections—all gone. There's nothing—wires, railroads, cables, trains—nothing except the ground where Yokohama used to be, and that's so cluttered with dead and wreckage you can't see it.

This must be more or less bulletin stuff. Everything is chaotic. I must stay on the job and nothing but my legs to do it with. Quakes continue and there is little sleep and utter exhaustion for all of us all of the time.

The houses of most of our friends were destroyed. Go-ju-ichi-banchi, my own house, stands. But it's a horrible mess. The roof seems to have gone to hell—that small part of it which is not out in the garden. There are typhoonish rains all the time. All together I own two cocktail glasses and several spoons. There's a moratorium now. Nobody has any actual money except what was in his pockets when the quake came. But you can sign a chit for a million.

I was at Shihotsu's desk, third floor of Nippon-Dempo building, when the quake began at two minutes to twelve, Saturday, September first. We were doping out a story about the new Cabinet—a story that never went. Suddenly there was a vast thud, a sort of vague universal noise. I

can't quite describe it. It wasn't huge in actual volume, but it sank in on your consciousness that it was literally universal—that it was the cracking and twisting of all creation. The entire building was swinging and swaying about, bricks and mortar and debris falling. I remember being tremendously impressed with the fact that the floor, always immaculate, was an awful mess and for the first time had the littered and disreputable appearance that a newspaper floor ought to have. The place was a trap. I realized that this was an *earthquake*—a regular old *he-quake* with hair on its chest. I was conscious of the fact that everyone in the room (some twenty Japanese men) was leaping for the doorway. I was aware that Uyeda called to me to "Leave! There is great danger" as he disappeared, and that the little news editor—the same who rubbed his forehead on the floor when he met us that first night at the dinner at the Maple Club—was screaming something at me as he flew out the door.

Of course this was all in a very few seconds. Shihotsu and I were silent. He was very quiet and impassive and my one dominant emotion was that I'd be damned if I'd let him have anything on me in poise. At the same time my brain which seemed to be operating as a remote and impersonal affair, was registering the facts of the situation; that the window behind Shihotsu's desk was three stories high, opening on a paved alleyway beneath and that it would be disastrous indeed to jump out; that to get to either the front or the rear flight of winding stairs I would have to run through two or three rooms and the chances were entirely in favor of the building crumbling before I could reach the ground. I don't suppose it was more than a few seconds. . . . Anyway we sat there looking at each other with the office wrecking all around us. Then Shihotsu said: "I think it's time to go," and I said: "I've been thinking that for some time."

The most curious sensation was that of the stairs and balustrade swaying and pitching like the steps and hand-rail of a ship's ladder at sea. I had to cling—actually cling, to hold on—and this a big office building on solid land! It was no way for solid things in which you put your confidence to act. The ground and street were swaying. Wreckage was everywhere. The entire Nippon Dempo staff huddled there. The swaying stopped. I don't know how long it had been, perhaps a few minutes, and I ran upstairs to get off an urgent flash over Nippon Dempo's wires. But there was no operator and the wire wasn't working. Shihotsu had tested it. Then the quake started again, as big as before, and I leaped back down the stairs with debris falling all around me. *Shihotsu had not left the building.* I thought he had been right behind me after he had observed that it was time to go. And I thought he had beat me back upstairs. But not so. He had been there all the time, the only person in the office. And, as I learned several days later, he remained there until one o'clock, with the building gradually going to pieces around him. I asked him why. "I am on duty until one o'clock," he replied very simply. "It is my custom to remain at my desk until that hour." I objected that he was risking almost certain death, to no purpose. "I am always prepared to die," he replied, "and I did do something. I answered two telephone calls before the last wire went down." His house was burned, his family saved. Two mornings later he was at my house before daylight to make a report on the situation.

CLARENCE DU BOSE

Conscientious Objectors and the Army Intelligence Tests

By EDWARD A. LINCOLN

THE publication of the results of the intelligence testing in the army during the World War has brought much dismay to a number of writers. Magazine and newspaper articles, and even whole books have appeared which use the army results as the basis for all sorts of misgivings and dire predictions as to the ruin of our civilization. The assumption upon which these foretellers of calamity base their evil prophecies is that the army tests showed the average intelligence of the country to be on a much lower level than even the experts in mental measurement had suspected. The army psychologists rated the men by letter grades, ranging from "A" for the superior down to "E" for those who were practically useless for even the simplest army work because of their low mental ability.

The results of the army testing have been published many times, but it will be well to set them forth again. About two million men were given the various tests, and from these records the army psychologists made a chance or random selection of about 100,000 cases for special study. The men in this group, which was probably quite representative of the army as a whole, attained the various letter grades in the proportions shown by the percentages in the table below:

E	D	C—	C	C+	B	A
7.7	17.0	23.8	25.0	15.2	8.0	4.1

Our pessimists, pointing to the low percentage of "A" and "B" men, cannot see how we can produce the leaders to make the progress necessary for the survival of civilization.

The fallacy of this reasoning is, first, that the tests were purely arbitrary and hence the relation of the percentages must be likewise; and, second, that a man's value to society depends solely upon his general intelligence. Nothing could be further from the truth. Social value is much more a matter of what use a man makes of his talents than of what talents he may possess. The "A" man may become a great educator, inventor, or political leader, or he may turn his abilities to war grafting, profiteering in sugar, or lobbying against social legislation. He may build wonderful bridges or organize a labor-crushing trust. He may solve the mysteries of science, or he may edit a truth-suppressing newspaper. While it is probably true that the great reforms of the past have come as the result of the labors of superior men, it is none the less true that there is no history of any progress or attempted progress which does not tell of bitter and ruthless opposition by men who would test in the "A" group on any intelligence examination. Superior men have fought savagely and untiringly against Christianity, religious freedom, the destruction of feudalism, the abolishment of slavery, shortening of the workday, the American Revolution, progress in the sciences, eradication of child labor, enactment of prohibition, and the establishment of woman suffrage.

There is, in the army report, a scrap of evidence as to the whereabouts of some of the "A" men, which, although apparently of tremendous significance, seems to have escaped the notice of the previous writers. There is a chapter in this report which deals with military offenders, and in this chapter may be found the intelligence records

made by the conscientious objectors who were confined in the army prison at Leavenworth. These records, shown in the accompanying table, indicate that the religious and political objectors stand out intellectually as a separate race. "A" grades were three times as frequent among the religious objectors as in the general run of the draft army, and among the political objectors the "A" grades were ten times as frequent. In "B" grades also these groups show themselves far superior to their fellows in the army:

	Grade "B"	Grade "A"
	Per cent	Per cent
White draft army.....	8.0	4.1
Religious objectors	15.1	12.8
Political objectors	13.2	39.3

In their education there is also an indication of the superiority of the conscientious objectors as shown by the following figures:

	High School graduate Per cent	College graduate Per cent	College post-graduate Per cent
White draft army, native born	4.1	1.1	0.1
Religious objectors	5.3	1.5	1.5
Political objectors	9.2	2.2	2.2

Here then was a group of men, small to be sure, but endowed with superior mental ability, and possessed of superior education. Their qualifications were such that we should have looked to them for guidance and leadership; yet their lot was persecution, imprisonment, torture, and even death.

Where are the "A" men? Some of them are in the seats of the mighty, where they intend to stay, resisting with all the means at their command every attempt of the average man to make his life fuller and sweeter. Other "A" men are in the courts of Michigan, the bull pens of Los Angeles, the cells and dungeons of the State and Federal prisons.

There is perhaps in the army-test results evidence of danger to our civilization. This danger, however, lies not in the mediocrity of the masses, but in the false leadership of those who use their talents for their own advantage and in the waste of a portion of our intellectual resources by the persecution of our idealists of superior intelligence.

Contributors to This Issue

MAGDELEINE MARX is a French writer of fiction and articles, best known for her novel "Woman."

DOROTHY BREWSTER is assistant professor of English at Columbia University. She has recently spent several weeks in Moscow.

MAX EASTMAN, formerly editor of the *Liberator*, is at present living in Russia.

ISALAH J. HOORGIN, formerly Soviet representative in Poland, is at present in the United States as director of Derutra (Deutsch-Russische Transportgesellschaft) in which Soviet interests participate.

L. TALMY is the editor of *Reconstruction*, the organ of the Jewish Public Committee in America.

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CLARENCE DU BOSE, an American correspondent in Japan, contributed *The Moon Shines on Chang-chung* to *The Nation* last year.

EDWARD A. LINCOLN was an examiner in the army during the mobilization of the conscripted forces.

In the Driftway

"TO THE DRIFTER:

"SIR: I have been chewing a cud of protesting reflection upon your discovery of romance on a Vermont road. To you, dull, settled city-dweller as you evidently are, an inn with no food but pork, and three city girls stealing rides far from home constitute Adventure, Romance, Mystery. You remind me, sir, of the people who talk of the beautiful Zanzibar landscape after reading Mr. Stoddard's travel books.

* * * * *

"ROMANCE is not to be found in a Ford car. The automobile is almost as deadly an enemy of adventure as the telephone and the radio. All of these horrid instruments destroy loneliness, and there can be no romance, no adventure, no mystery, no poetry—none of the things which make life worth living—without loneliness. Company destroys the individual. Solitude alone is creative. Can you imagine Shelley whizzing along the Bay of Naples in a crowded touring-car and writing 'I could lie down like a tired child'? With ear attuned to that jump in the motor he would never have noticed that 'The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.' Can you conceive Keats stepping back into his car after five minutes in a museum and penciling 'Thou still unravished bride of quietness,' or blind Milton listening to an impatient honk-honk-honk? No automobilist would think to write 'Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang'; he never hears the birds except when he stops to pick up a hitch-hiker.

* * * * *

"I would not deny all virtue to the automobilist. Now that he has polluted the roads he may as well be used. There is no longer any pedestrian pleasure in a white ribbon of road; instead of stretching one's legs into the long, relaxed stride that comes as a rest after uneven country one must step uneasily, with ear tense and muscles ready for the jump across the ditch when such city-folk as you scoot past. I have no protest to make against those who use you, who wait at the hill-top or the railroad crossing, the only points where you slow down, and demand a lift. But I pity those who think of this as romance. We who have done it know better.

* * * * *

"HITCH-HIKING is no thoughtless expression of the untrammelled pioneer, but one of the most desolate of the exact sciences. From the point of view of the dull motorist it may have an element of adventure. Even the girls who sleep at the "Y" must be exciting to those victims of civilization, like yourself, who know only the type that ride in automobiles and sleep in hotels. But from the point of view of the pedestrian all automobilists fall into dead categories. There is no use hailing a car with two young folks of opposite sexes on the front seat, even though there be five unoccupied places in the rear. There is no use trying to stop a driver who wears goggles; they are all flinty-hearted. A lone man hiker need never trouble to hail a car with only men inside and a lone girl hiker wastes time in appealing to women. It takes a quick eye to appraise a car and its occupants before it has passed forever—whether one had best appeal to the driver or to the woman (or in these days man) beside him or her, how much room there is behind, and whether one had best ask a lift only to the next

village or admit that one has fifty miles to go. Like all sciences it seems fascinating to the amateur, but it becomes dull and disappointing after a little experience. The automobilists are so uninteresting.

* * * * *

"THERE is romance, there is adventure, there is mystery for the hiker afoot who, with an all-sufficient pack upon his back, is free to desert roads and even paths, can cross any stream and scale any mountain, and follow any inviting vista without consulting the blue-book. Those Adirondacks and Green Mountains which looked so beautiful to you from the road—what do you know of them now? You might as well say that you understood candy because you had gazed at it through a plate-glass window. Mountains must be climbed as surely as candy must be tasted. But what is the use of explaining this to you? Probably you are old, rheumatic, and dyspeptic.

"THE HIKER"

Correspondence

RAIC Declares a Dividend

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Russian-American Industrial Corporation has just announced its first dividend of 3 per cent.

The investment of our corporation in the Russian clothing industry has proved to be profitable, the All-Russian Clothing Syndicate having been operated on a sound basis. The results of its work for the past six months indicate quite convincingly that the Russian workers know how to run their clothing factories.

The letter from Chairman Bograchev of the Syndicate, referring to the operations of the last half-year, inform us that "from the figures in the balance sheet it is apparent that the expected profits of the Syndicate have been exceeded." So it appears that those doubters who scoffed at the Russian-American Industrial Corporation when it ventured to help build up a branch of industry in the Soviet Republic have now to face facts that show them to have been in error in their opinion concerning the ability of the Russian garment workers to carry on profitable business.

It so happens that during the past year the activities of the Syndicate, in which we have invested, have spread over the territories of the Soviet Union. The Syndicate has opened sales agencies and stores in 25 cities, as far south as Tiflis and as far east as Irkutsk in Siberia. The membership in the Syndicate which now employs over 15,000 workers has been increased by the entrance of several new city trusts, so that the Syndicate now comprises, in addition to our corporation, the Supreme Council of National Economy, the Moscow Experimental Factory, and the clothing trusts of the following cities: Petrograd, Moscow, Nizhni Novgorod, Kazan, Kharkov, Tambov, and Egorievsk.

During the period of the civil wars in Russia the clothing industries worked almost exclusively on military uniforms and equipment. Now the growing purchasing power of the peasants, stimulated by fair harvests, has increased the demand for the clothes manufactured in the factories, which are now working 90 per cent on the wholesale manufacture of civilian clothing.

The presence in Russia of several score of ex-members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers—men who have gained valuable experience in the American needle industry—has contributed much to the success of the Syndicate's factories. The manager of the Moscow Experimental Factory, one of the most up-to-date clothing shops on the continent of Europe, was formerly an active Amalgamated member in Baltimore. The representative

of our corporation in Russia, Mr. D. Petrovsky, was one of the first organizers of the Amalgamated, having worked in the Rochester market in 1915, later returning to Russia to become the mayor of a city of 80,000 in the Ukraine.

The close association of these men with the American industry has contributed much to the splendid technical organization of some of the Russian factories. The efficiency of these factories has risen steadily during the last twelve months. "When I was in Russia last fall it took 16 to 19 hours to make an average quality men's suit (about \$25). Now it takes only 12 to 13 hours to complete a suit of this kind. With the introduction of further modern technical equipment in the factories of the Syndicate the efficiency of the shops will be increased still more," writes the Chairman of the Syndicate in a recent letter.

When the Amalgamated at its biennial Convention in 1922 voted to help Russia by organizing a one-million-dollar corporation, the American friends of Russia whom we called upon to subscribe to stock had the pledge of the highest Soviet authorities that the capital invested in Russian enterprises would be guaranteed as well as a dividend of 8 per cent payable to our corporation on the capital stock so invested. Now, however, with a year's experience and the announcement of the first dividend, we have something more tangible than even the contract of the Russians, something that ought to increase confidence in Russian industry and stimulate others to a genuine desire to help her in this very practical way. The capital stock of the corporation has not yet been fully subscribed. There is still some for those who want to join in a movement to give credit rather than charity to the Russian workers. Approximately five and one-half thousand shareholders are now participating in our enterprise and will benefit by the first dividend that has been paid out of Russian industry to a large group of investors since the adoption of the new economic policy.

New York, October 29

SIDNEY HILLMAN

A Plea from Haiti

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The situation in our republic has reached a new phase. Senator McCormick and the National City Bank wanted the loan, and imposed it upon the Haitian people against their will. We were not opposed in principle to a loan to facilitate the liquidation of our foreign debt, but we wanted any loan to be made under conditions which would not exhaust the resources of the nation as has the present loan.

What we foresaw has occurred. The loan voted, it became necessary to impose new taxes. The people protested everywhere against the Borno Government and against the military occupation of the United States. When M. Bouchereau, the Minister of Public Instruction, went to Jacmel to defend the policy of the Government he found the population of that important city so hostile that after four days throughout which he kept himself in hiding he returned to Port au Prince without having come into direct contact with the people. On the other hand the editors of the opposition journal, the *Courrier Haitien*, received continued ovations in the Department of the South.

In order to direct this wave of discontent and to prevent it degenerating into a bloody conflict we have undertaken a campaign for the restoration of the legislative bodies. We are asking a return of the legal regime established by our constitution. Since the United States military forces dissolved our legislative chambers in 1918 we have had no election. A body of officials in the so-called Council of State named by the President and revocable at his will has usurped and exercises legislative functions. Even the pseudo-constitution prepared by your Mr. Franklin Roosevelt which was imposed on us under the Darti-gueneve regime provides for elections every two years. But a tiny phrase, "s'il y a lieu," seems to withdraw with one hand what the constitution grants with the other, and as the duty of decreeing elections in accordance with the constitution falls upon the president of the Republic, his legal advisers have main-

tained that he may indefinitely suspend the exercise of the right of suffrage, contrary as that is to the fundamental principle of democratic and representative government.

We ask that the Government of the United States, since M. Borno derives his powers from it alone, should ask our president to permit our citizens freely to exercise their right to vote under an electoral statute to be established by a commission of impartial jurists. If we do not have such a reform of the electoral law we are determined to go to the polls anyway on January 10 next.

It seems to us that the time has come for President Coolidge to carry out the only experiment which has not yet been tried: to bring his government into touch with the authorized representative of the Haitian people in order to establish a *modus vivendi* satisfactory to both. It is neither just nor reasonable to treat Haiti and the Dominican Republic differently.

Port au Prince, Haiti, September 25

GEORGE SYLVAIN

A Company Dinner for Lloyd George

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article What is an American Dinner? in your issue of October 17 awakes in me a responsive chord. I have often wished that we might have in each of our large cities at least one restaurant making a specialty of typical American dinners. One can now get everywhere good French dinners, Italian dinners, Spanish, German, and Russian dinners, Chinese meals, and also Arabic and Hindu, for all that I know. But most American restaurants, as you rightly indicate, do not even know what American dishes are. Good corn on the cob, for instance, is by no means easy to get.

Your menu for Mr. Lloyd George is pretty good, but it contemplates offering him what I should call a "good home dinner." Why not give him something extra, like terrapin and canvas-back duck? By the by, in serving him pumpkin pie care should be taken that it is made out of real pumpkins and not of squash. Squash pie is good, but, as Kipling says, "that is another story."

Your condemnation of pie à la mode shows insufficient discrimination. It depends on the pie. Americans have always eaten cream with apple pie and freezing the cream is a mere detail. Did you ever taste a molasses-lemon pie? It sounds queer, but it is one of the most delicious dishes ever concocted on American soil. To add ice cream to it, however, would indeed be monstrous, as you say.

St. Louis, Missouri, October 20

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Elijah and the Clowns

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading your editorial note on the death of Al Miaco the clown, it occurred to me that you might be interested in the following translation of a Talmudic passage found in "A Book of Jewish Thoughts" (edited by the Chief Rabbi of England):

Rabbi Baroka, a saintly mystic, one day as he was walking through the crowded market-place of his town, met Elijah, the wandering spirit of prophecy in Jewish lore. "Who of all this multitude has the best claim to Heaven?" asked the Rabbi of his spirit companion. (Elijah points to a disreputable weird-looking creature, a turnkey.) "That man yonder, because he is considerate to his prisoners and refrains from all unnecessary cruelty. In that miniature hell over which he presides he has suppressed many a horror." "And who else is here worthy of eternal life?" continues the rabbi. Elijah then points to two motley-dressed fellows, clowns, who were supplying amusement to the bystanders. The rabbi's astonishment knew no bounds. "Scorn them not," explains the prophet, "it is always their habit, even when not performing for hire to cheer the depressed and the sorrowful. Whenever they see a sufferer they join him, and by merry talk cause him to forget his grief." . . . A jester may be first in the kingdom of heaven. . . .

Highland Park, Ill., September 27

LOUIS A. MISCHKIND

A Request

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask in your columns for the loan of letters written by the late Miss Louise Imogen Guiney? I am preparing a volume of these for immediate publication, and any material lent would be gratefully acknowledged and quickly returned.

GRACE GUINEY, Literary Executor

10 Holywell, Oxford, England, September 21

Casuistry and Strategy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A peculiar problem of casuistry has arisen in the affairs of the American Civil Liberties Union, Southern California Branch. Eugene V. Debs was to speak at the Municipal Auditorium in Long Beach, and the American Legion and other super-patriots got after the city authorities and caused the canceling of the engagement. The organization of which I am director has been formed for the purpose of opposing such interference with free speech, so I went to call upon Squire DuRee, who is the custodian of public property in Long Beach, and applied for the use of the Municipal Auditorium to discuss whether or not Long Beach should have permitted Debs to speak. Permission was refused us. We then applied for permission to speak in Bixby Park, an open-air meeting. This permission was also refused, but Squire DuRee finally decided to permit us to hold a meeting there, provided we would pledge ourselves to make no reference to the barring of Debs.

So you see we were in a dilemma. If we held the meeting under those conditions we would gravely compromise our principles; on the other hand, if we did not hold the meeting, the people of Long Beach would not learn anything about what had happened. Our executive committee finally decided to compromise and hold the meeting. We figured that while we couldn't discuss the barring of Debs we could discuss the fact that the American Civil Liberties Union had been barred from mentioning a certain subject. Everybody in the audience would know what that subject was, and they would not be barred from discussing the matter all over the city!

So we held the meeting, and about five hundred people attended. That day the Long Beach papers were full of discussions of the fact that the director had censored the list of speakers, and had barred Mrs. Fanny Bixby Spencer, whose father gave Bixby Park to the city of Long Beach. Mrs. Spencer's crime was that she was a pacifist, like Debs. She went to the mayor, and the mayor countermanded Squire DuRee; so then there was more talk in Long Beach, and there were long discussions in the newspapers next day as to whether we had kept our pledge or had not kept our pledge.

We went to see Squire DuRee about it, and he professed himself as satisfied. Also he told us that we might have a meeting in the Municipal Auditorium if we would accept the same conditions. Our executive committee thereupon decided to compromise again; they take the position that next to making us appear upon the platform with a padlock upon our lips or with chains about our wrists, Squire DuRee has done the most significant thing we could have imagined. He has put us in a position to compel everybody in Long Beach to keep on talking about the question of the barring of Debs.

We write this letter in the hope that you will publish it and give still further impetus to the discussion of this forbidden topic. For one thing, you may be the means of letting other people in Long Beach know that we are in business at 540 Wilcox Building, Los Angeles, and that we can be tempted to compromise our principles if we can thereby accomplish our purpose of making the American people think about the protection of their civil liberties.

Los Angeles, October 5

CLINTON J. TAFT,
Director American Civil Liberties Union,
Southern California Branch

Books

Wasteland

Kangaroo. By D. H. Lawrence. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

THIS latest product of Mr. Lawrence's restless febrile intelligence suggests the reflection that he is the best example of that drifting rudderless state of mind, without settled aims, beliefs, or standards, of which this age is so proud. That *Wasteland* which many have attempted to describe and of which Mr. Eliot, not to universal satisfaction, proclaimed himself the laureate, Mr. Lawrence describes most accurately without, like the laureate, finding the task gay or amusing but only because he finds himself in the land and can't get out. Like the rest of us he has enthusiastically destroyed illusions in the hope of arriving at truth, but having torn away the veils he is not sure that there is anything to see and so he either turns away in disgust or babbles orphically something about "the God you never see or visualize who stands darkly on the threshold of the phallic me"—rationalizing his bafflement into the semblance of a mystic system. He is a purely intuitive artist even when dealing with intellectual concepts, but all current thought, aspirations, and disgusts seethe in his spirit.

"Kangaroo," said by the publisher to be strongly autobiographic, has points of difference from the rest of his work. Love between man and woman plays little part in it, and the distance which he has been rapidly putting between his current style and the clear-flowing definite narrative which was the backbone of "Sons and Lovers" is here even further increased. The new book is not quite his best work, for it carries a heavy burden of mysticism, but the familiar manner and the characteristic passion are there. It is one more study of love and hatred between man and man or man and an idea, in which the reason for either emotion is less important than the passions themselves. Intellectually it may be not quite clear but all is tense. Phrases flash back and forth between the characters like lightning strokes in the heavily charged atmosphere about them, and they all beat the air in vain.

However much or little the outward events of the book may be autobiographical, the hero who flies from Europe because it is too old and rotten and then flies from Australia because it is too new and crude is the essential Lawrence. The picture which the author gives of the Australian Main Street with its vast stretches of iron-roofed bungalows, so easy, so slack, and so empty, is a masterly externization of the soul of a country, and from the conversations between the hero and the fantastic Nietzsche-Mussolini who dreams of conferring upon the Australians the benefits of rule there emerges a brilliant phantasmagoria of political speculation ending in no conclusion; but, when the hero cuts and runs to America, a land which he does not want to see, simply to get away from the people he knows, the whole becomes more interesting as a symbol of Lawrence and his attitude toward life than in itself.

The mutual irascibility which always subsists in his books between man and wife or lover and mistress and which constitutes with him the chief outward symptom of love gives one of the keys to his character. A nervous irritability is almost his dominant trait and he can never make up his mind about anything, be it religion or government or love, any more than he can long be attracted to people without wanting to be rid of them because everything gets so frightfully on his nerves. Petulantly sensitive to all appeals he is unable to get anywhere without being seized with revulsion and wanting to escape into some far country or to draw his quivering soul back into his shell and be done with the whole wretched business of living and feeling. He never stretches out that he does not draw back so that perpetual frustration keeps him perpetually tense and nothing is constant with him except excitement. Yet this morbid sensibility is the source of his strength as well as of his weakness. It gives the peculiarly modern twang to his writings,

and it enables him to feel with unusual acuteness those sudden eager enthusiasms and quick passionate revulsions which constitute the inevitable reaction of a sensitive mind to the confusion of the modern world. Under a magnifying glass, as it were, he studies the emotional attractions and repulsions which affect us all, and he describes them more accurately than anyone else because he feels them more strongly.

The man is a genuinely tortured spirit and no mere player at disillusion and despair. There is, or he thinks there is, at the center of his being a desire for a contact with men and a chance, as his hero phrases it, to be something in the world of men. But in the center too is a cold little demon who lays a chilling finger on every love and every enthusiasm. No sooner does he find the love of a woman than revulsion sets in and he longs for the sturdy friendship of men; no sooner does the desired comrade stretch out his hand than something fastidious in him recoils as from the back-slap of a Rotarian; and no sooner does the cause to which he had hoped he might devote himself appear, than he realizes that it is not for him with his hesitance and his relenting. From everything he turns away or bolts and in his novels we have no conclusion but only thunderstorms of passion. What may one say of him except that he is the most interesting and the most unsatisfactory of novelists writing today?

J. W. KRUTCH

Modern Russia

The Russian Soviet Republic. By Edward Alsworth Ross. The Century Company. \$3.

MR. ROSS carries the story of modern Russia (a story which he began in two earlier books) almost up to the present day in "The Russian Soviet Republic." He disclaims any intention of writing a history; he has written, however, a fascinating narrative in which events of world-wide significance are presented at cinematograph speed, with the author's comments for captions. He has sifted great quantities of material, documents, propaganda, newspaper clippings, accounts by "eye-witnesses," and government reports. His story is not going to please everyone. The Russian aristocracy and former members of the Russian division of our State Department are going to feel that the book is too pro-bolshevist; our socialist and communist friends are going to object to Mr. Ross's manifest opposition to their economic philosophy and their fanaticism in carrying it out.

In an introductory chapter the philosophy of the leaders of the Russian revolution is presented briefly but with the sympathetic understanding of one who has met and admired these men. Their idealism, their devotion to a reorganized society free from exploitation, with equal opportunity for all, their fanaticism annihilating opposition are all depicted.

Mr. Ross, after discussing the peace of Brest-Litovsk and the bolshevist propaganda in Germany which followed it, concludes that the latter did not contribute perceptibly to the defeat of the German army. He rehearses rapidly the events of the spring of 1918 when the Allies discarded the opportunity of utilizing the disillusioned Russians against the Germans and when the fabric of falsehood originating in counter-revolutionary sources gradually enveloped the whole world. It was at this period, he recalls, that the bugaboo of German and Austrian armies of ex-prisoners of war marching back and forth across Russia was offered with our morning coffee, providing additional thrills to our already overworked emotions. He refutes the accusation that the Soviet Government was closely allied to the German Government and minimizes the amount of bolshevist propaganda abroad which, according to the newspapers of the day, resulted in demonstrations in Brisbane, strikes in Manitoba, protests from miners in South Africa, and plots against the Uruguayan Government.

Perhaps the best part of the whole book is the fascinating story of the Czecho-Slovak migration across Siberia. Mr. Ross

shows clearly the sinister forces at work on both sides to bring about the Czecho-Slovak attack upon the Russians in the spring of 1918 and the resulting occupation of Siberia by the Americans in August of that year. He goes on to tell the story of the conspiracy of the representatives of the Allies in Russia to bring about a counter-revolution, admitting that he has to depend almost wholly on Soviet sources, for naturally the Allies have never made public their part in this unsuccessful and disgraceful affair. There are chapters on the Allied participation in the Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangel, and Yudenich bubbles. Then when Uritzki was assassinated and an attempt was made on Lenin's life he does not spare the Soviet Government, but charges it with horrible retaliation, retaliation which called forth Major Allen Wardwell's protest to Chicherin against the "intentions upon the part of the government to wreak a bloody vengeance upon a whole section of the people for no other reason than that they are suspected of holding political views different from those of the authorities."

In a chapter on The Poison Gas Attack, Mr. Ross has collected some fifty of the lies current in almost the entire American press regarding the situation in Russia. From the Rev. Dr. Hillis's confiscation of Y. M. C. A. property, through Chinese executions, to that crowning absurdity, nationalization of women, the whole galaxy of calumnies is represented. The persistence of these stories is indicated by the fact that the writer of this review was accused by one of the government divisions as late as the summer of 1919 of undue sympathy with the Soviet Government because he denied that he had seen in Petrograd (from which he had just come) placards nationalizing women. The government division was sure that these placards covered the walls of Petrograd, for had not a government official in Copenhagen so reported?

There are interesting chapters on the political system, Communist Party, peasants, production, justice, education, and the church, and perhaps a little too much generalization in describing the inefficiency of Russian schools under the Czar. The writer had the good fortune to spend many days in schools in the southeast of Russia just previous to the first revolution and in some of them teachers trained in Germany and England were doing excellent work in well-equipped schoolbuildings.

Mr. Ross brings his narrative to a close by discussing some of the probable world effects of the Russian revolution in the decades to come. He thinks its influence will be not in abolishing private capital but rather in training production for profit to subserve the general welfare.

WALTER W. PETTIT

Letters of a Scientist

The Story of the Development of a Youth. Letters to his Parents, 1852-1856. By Ernst Haeckel. Translated by G. Barry Gifford. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

"EXACTLY that which people despise and tread under foot as contemptible, inferior dirt, the green slime on old wood lying in the water, the turbid foam on the surface of the mire, does not my microscope prove these things to be just the most magnificent and most marvelous forms of creation? Never, by the way, have I missed my beloved microscope so painfully as in those days when the waters of the mountains offered me so much and such new material, animal and vegetable, for my microscope. So, thereupon, I took a solemn oath never, no matter how great the possible difficulty in the way, even on journeys, to let the dear companion of my life, which opens to me an infinitude of organic life where the unassisted eye sees nothing but rubbish and rotteness, out of my sight."

Such rapturous outpourings as this from the pen of a university student of twenty-one years do not often reach the eyes of parents, especially concerning so unromantic a theme as a microscope. They express, however, not the exalted mood of a moment, but a profound and permanent passion for nature, given lyric utterance with a hundred variations, intermixed

with a minute account of daily happenings, meals, expenditures, and ailments, as well as with reflections upon life, upon God, and upon human destiny.

During the four years of his student days at Würzburg, the period covered by these letters, Ernst Haeckel sketched microscopic forms and preserved mosses and insects, "my hay and vermin," with an ardent devotion incomprehensible to ordinary minds. The gift of Berghaus's Physical Atlas made of his eighteenth birthday an exciting adventure among geographical plates. Literature, too, was no *terra incognita* to him. He read Goethe and Lessing for pleasure, and Homer in the original. A letter dated New Year's eve, 1853, contains the following postscript: "When I asked you to send Homer to me, I meant the original in Greek, which affords me quite another pleasure than the translation. However, I am quite fond of reading it once more in that form." For painting and sculpture he had an enthusiastic appreciation, but, an unusual thing in a German of culture, little enjoyment of music. "My musical sense is in reality equal to zero. The only music in which I take any interest is the popular song."

It would be a mistake to assume that this youth was an average German university student of the early fifties. His isolation from most of his fellows is evident. In their jollifications, their *Studentenspritze*, their drinking bouts, he was both unable and unwilling to join. He recounts some pathetic attempts to enter with ease into general social life. Concerning an excursion at which young ladies were present, he comments: "I have learned how to navigate safely around such rocks [namely the task of entertaining these ladies] so I did not speak a single word to one of them throughout the day." After two years of residence in Würzburg he remarks that he is "not conscious of knowing, with the exception of Frau Professor Schenk and Frau Dr. Gsell-Fels, any female soul in the whole of Würzburg, even by sight." He has nevertheless quite enough in common with the life around him to make the letters valuable as a picture of the university life of the time. They are still more important to the psychologist for the revelation they contain of a growing mind, and in particular the growing mind of a man of undoubted genius. No laboratory could furnish data half so significant, and none of the many recent studies of youth in fictional form escapes the unconscious distortion which mature reflection inevitably gives. As literature, neither in the original nor in this fairly good translation does the book quite merit Professor Schmidt's enthusiastic preface. For, in range of ideas and experience, in variety and richness of expression, many collections of letters are superior to these, though few equal them in candor, in depth of feeling, and in the completeness with which the heart is "shaken out."

Possibly, however, the chief interest of the volume lies in the light thrown upon the career of the mature Haeckel, the impassioned apostle of Darwinism, the poet-prophet who made materialism a religion, the zealot who led the German professors in their pronouncement regarding Germany's innocence in the Great War. Haeckel's American friends apologized for his war hysteria on the score of his advanced age and failing powers. But he had earlier shown the same docility in making his powerful intellect the servant of an intolerable governmental policy. In 1870 he cut from one of his books a passionate protest against militarism with its waste of precious human life, and during the *Kulturkampf* he inserted an attack on Catholicism. The real explanation is based upon that combination of indifference to politics with deep-seated respect for authority which was the price consciously or unconsciously paid by many German university professors for their boasted *Lehrfreiheit*.

When Haeckel first read Darwin's "Origin of Species," he remarked that he could have written much of it himself. In these letters it is evident that for him the dividing line between plant and animal life is already growing dim. Indeed the final step in this process of thought, a completely monistic philosophy in which all nature is regarded as the working out of uniform laws, a step which Darwin himself seems never to

have taken, is already present to his mind. In the letters, Monism, which ultimately became a religion to Haeckel, is in continual conflict with a devout pietism that had been deeply instilled by parental training, and evidently was as nearly native to his temperament as religious feeling can be. Like many other devout souls, he staved off the crisis of the conflict by separating the spheres of religion and science. "Also I myself can only find comfort and peace in this Christian belief, which is contemplated by so many and such important minds to be mere ridiculous foolishness, by my admitting this life of faith as a sphere quite apart from the life of knowledge and understanding based on the evidence of our five senses, which is not only possible side by side with it but also necessary, just as justified, and even infinitely more important." This two-fold truth subterfuge begins to wear thin in the latter part of the correspondence, and only a few years subsequently the open break with Christianity came. We actually find him in middle life issuing a challenge upon the subject to his former teacher and friend, the great scientist Virchow, against whose materialistic views he had struggled throughout his university years, but who in later life turned apologist for institutional Christianity.

The less unusual traits of personality revealed in the letters: artistic sensitiveness, eagerness and impatience of temper, passionate loyalty to family and friends, susceptibility to partisan prejudice, sincere concern for human welfare, emotional fervor in the discussion even of abstract subjects, add greatly to the reader's interest and are by no means unimportant in explaining the extent and specific character of Haeckel's influence throughout his remarkable career.

CLARA MILLERD SMERTENKO

The Large View

Building the American Nation. An Essay of Interpretation. By Nicholas Murray Butler. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

PRESIDENT BUTLER continues to speak and write, but he seems pretty much to have given up publishing anything that is new. With only such variety as naturally comes from the choice of different subjects, almost any one of his recent books is of a piece with its companions. The same sententious style, the same conventional thought, the same elementary generalizations resting upon an unimpeachable but modest body of data, the same dignified assumption of the large view, and the same complacently hopeful tone, characterize them all. The president of the greatest American university is unquestionably the best American exponent of commonplace observations on what are comprehensively classed as "public questions." We have linked together President Butler's writing and speaking because they are, as a matter of fact, hardly to be separated, most of his books being little if anything more than collections of addresses; and since he has been successful in "drawing" rather more lectureships of a quasi-public kind than any American now living, the announcement of a new appointment is practically equivalent to the announcement of a new book.

"Building the American Nation" is a good illustration of what has just been said. The volume comprises the lectures given in Great Britain by President Butler during the present year on the Sir George Watson foundation for American history, literature, and institutions. The last of the lectures was delivered on June 11, and the book was off the press on August 24—quickly enough to reach any probable American public before the English audiences would have had time completely to forget.

Only to a British public, however, notoriously ignorant as that public is of American history, do the addresses here collected offer anything likely to be regarded as novel. There is nothing new in the book for American readers. The "builders of the nation" whom President Butler introduces are the same that any informed American would naturally expect him to intro-

duce: Samuel Adams and Franklin for the days of Revolution, Washington for independence and the period of constitutional establishment, Hamilton and Madison for Constitution-making, Jefferson as the "spokesman of the democratic spirit," Marshall, Webster, and Jackson as "welders of the nation," and Lincoln as "defender and preserver of the nation's unity and power." Of each of these leaders President Butler says the well-known things that a lecturer in his position is usually expected to say, with the addition of enough comment and generalization to make it clear that there has actually been some development. That is all. The nature of the closing lecture, Fifty Years of Growth and Change, can be sufficiently gathered from the title. Nothing in the substance of the book calls for comment. The lectures are proper, well mannered, agreeable, and tailor-dressed, in every way the offering of a busy man who evidently thinks very highly of the only America that he perceives, and who knows perfectly how to give to an entirely respectable audience the kind of intellectual performance that it expects.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Public-Health Nurse

The Evolution of Public Health Nursing. By Annie M. Brainard. W. B. Saunders Company. \$3.

ALTHOUGH the earlier Christians insisted upon due mortification of the flesh, so that the holier among them disapproved such an obvious aid to hygiene as the bath, yet it was, paradoxically enough, from an impulse of pure Christianity that the nurse was derived. The first Roman deaconesses lived in an era when charity meant love. The same spirit, free from sectional prejudice or sectarian propagandism, animated Pastor Theodor Fliedner, who laid the foundations of modern nursing in the little German village of Kaiserswerth am Rhein (at any rate it was German a hundred years ago). The Kaiserswerth institution owed something of its inspiration to a great Englishwoman, Elizabeth Fry, so that Florence Nightingale had every right to borrow ideas therefrom. After she comes on the scene the history of public-health nursing must be transported to England, there to mature for the benefit of humanity through the next generation.

In England the idea of professional bedside care was developed and scientific training was gradually recognized as of greater importance than the ability to distribute material relief. There was at least one English doctor, born before his time, who realized the educative possibilities of a visiting nurse, but it was left to an American to found the first society for Instructive District Nursing. This society, founded at Boston in 1886, may be said to have introduced the present era in which the visiting nurse has come to be regarded by Professor Winslow and many other socially minded people as "the most important figure in the modern movement for the protection of the public health."

The question now arises whether the public-health nurse can compass all the manifold duties demanded of her. Must she cease to give bedside care as she has already forsaken the distribution of relief? A medical delegate (he was, if I remember rightly, a representative of Sweden) at the General Council of the League of Red Cross Societies, held in March, 1923, insisted that efficiency demands this sacrifice which in his country had already been made. There are many good reasons for hoping that the example will not be generally followed. An alternative relief is given by the process of specialization discussed by Miss Brainard in Chapters XVIII and XIX. Besides the tuberculosis nurse we already have the baby-welfare nurse, the factory nurse, the hospital social-service nurse, and the contagious-diseases nurse, to whom will be added perhaps one day that extremely important person the birth-control nurse and a specialist in eating and drinking. May the American of the future find it in his heart to make friends with all these people!

J. ROSSLYN EARP

Tales Out of Russia

Russia Before Dawn. By F. A. Mackenzie. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.

Unfinished Tales from a Russian Prison. By Marguerite E. Harrison. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

THE Soviet authorities have put the stamp of approval on Mr. Mackenzie's book by asking to have it translated into Russian. This leads one to suspect propaganda. But there is no propaganda—simply honest, competent, well-informed journalism. Mr. Mackenzie records many facts that most governments would not care to have stressed: the corruption and red tape, for instance, that curse the new regime as they cursed the old. The weary pilgrimage from department to department, from official to official, to secure a permit to take photographs or carry a few books out of the country, is the chief outdoor sport of Moscow; and swapping stories about delays and hindrances is one of the chief indoor sports. Mr. Mackenzie doesn't mince matters in his account of the treatment accorded foreign firms who have tried recently to do business in Russia: "until the spirit and methods of the Moscow officials are radically changed, big business will not come in." He regards the "definitely and actively anti-religious" attitude of the Communist state as a piece of folly that is happily not succeeding. The Young Communist carnival against religion last Christmas in Moscow, with all its "rough stuff" of effigies and cartoons, had few spectators, while the churches were crowded as never before.

But what appalling difficulties this government has grappled with! Mr. Mackenzie's survey covers the period from September, 1921, to January, 1923; and takes in not only the big cities, but many country districts, the famine area, and Siberia—"the Outer Marches." We have all read statistics about Russian railways and the breakdown of transportation. They come to life in Mr. Mackenzie's lively narrative—in such little episodes as that of the engine-driver mending a broken coupling-rod with a piece of rope. As for the famine, read *A Corner of Samara* and *The City of Death*, and then try to forget it all, if you can. Mr. Mackenzie, a Canadian, pays generous tribute to the work of the American Relief Administration.

The government has faced all these conditions, and has learned by experience to modify its policies. The steady improvement in many directions during the later months of Mr. Mackenzie's survey is very marked: the increasing reliability of the train service, the greater degree of personal security, the revival of private enterprise, the repainting and repaving of Moscow, the more abundant food supplies, and the dissolution of the Cheka, whose operations kept alive the atmosphere of terror. The Cheka looms large. In Petrograd especially "one rarely attended a party where there were not some recently released from the Cheka prison." "At least one-half of the people with whom I came in contact had been in prison at one time or the other during the past four years, some for only a few days, some for over a year. Most of them had been incarcerated for no special offense, but as suspects."

Mrs. Harrison gives us a "close-up" of one of these prisons in Moscow, and fourteen fascinating unfinished tales of the suspects who shared her imprisonment. Each story ends abruptly with the entrance of the guard who tells the prisoner to pack up her clothes and get ready to leave—for another prison, for trial, for the death sentence, or perhaps for freedom. There is the ballet-dancer who had been a political Commissar with the Red army, and had signed many death warrants herself; the young spy, the prostitute, the frivolous aristocrat, the Jewess, the Social Revolutionary, and others. One gains from these stories a picturesque impression of the strange disturbed life of the Russia of the last seven years, and the hazards of individual destinies. They are convincing, one feels, in spite of some pardonable journalistic heightening of effects.

D. B.

Some Modern Essays

Extemporaneous Essays. By Maurice Hewlett. Oxford University Press, American Branch. \$2.20.

On the Margin. By Aldous Huxley. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

On. By Hilaire Belloc. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

AFTER reading these three volumes I have realized how misused is the word "essay" and how neglected is the true function of this important division of literature. Between the writing of novels almost every author becomes what he calls an "essayist." Because he fancies himself as a critic of other authors he writes book reviews, inconsequential little pieces that in the journals serve their purpose as guides to the busy reader who seeks counsel in the purchasing of books, but hardly worth serious attention once their value has been dissipated by time.

Among the books that have provoked these remarks is Maurice Hewlett's "Extemporaneous Essays." Hewlett says: "If one had to define the essay it would be as the written, after-dinner monologue of a well-read, well-satisfied man of, at least, five-and-forty. Years don't matter: the spirit of years matters very much." This is a good, workable definition but judged by it there are few essays in Mr. Hewlett's own volume. Most of the fragments are book reviews, saved from mediocrity by the erudition that Hewlett has brought to his little tasks but rather dull reading because of the commonplace nature of the tasks themselves. This is unfortunate, for Hewlett possessed much of the charm of the elder essayists. He looked upon life with a knowing eye and had some humor. The few real essays that the book contains are excellent. "Junketings New and Old" and "Daily Bread" can stand the test of his own definition. They should agreeably affect any group of dinner companions. When the author quotes from the Greek it is not in the fashion of the young literary prigs but in the manner of one to whom the language is a living delight.

Aldous Huxley also suffers from the ambition of his publisher to put everything that he writes into book form. Now that "Chrome Yellow" and "Mortal Coils" have met with some popular success we may be sure that the author will not be able to write a letter to the *Times* without furnishing his publisher with a copy for inclusion in some future book of "Essays." You may forgive him much, however, when you come upon such a remark as this: "Among the minor makers of oriflammes there is our own Mr. Chesterton, with his heroic air of being forever on the point of setting out on a crusade, glorious with bunting and mounted on a rocking-horse." The essays—the real ones are few—are written with a great deal of skill but are not distinguished by choice of subject. The book shows none of the volatile imagination of "On" by Hilaire Belloc, who never seems to be engaged on a journalistic stint. Belloc avoids the ordinary "literary" subjects of his contemporaries. He skims over life, examining, commenting with suave irony. He and Max Beerbohm are almost alone in modern letters in reviving the essay from its state of neglect and in making it serve as a medium for original observations upon men and manners.

Belloc shows us something of what the essay may become when written by a man of intelligence and understanding. The essay, properly used, is a vital form of self-expression, equaled perhaps, but not surpassed by the lyric. And it is less hampered by traditional rules. To suggest that it keep within its special province is not to seek to limit its powers but rather to intensify them. The essay is not the place to mold mankind, nor, despite the august example of Matthew Arnold, is it the place to pound the pulpit that was worn smooth by his heavy fist. The writer who is actuated by a stern moral purpose may preach his creed in sermons and treatises, but the essay should be the personal vehicle of the civilized and genial man who takes the reader into his confidence when he reflects upon life.

HOWARD IRVING YOUNG

A Novel of the Nineties

Fan. The Story of a Young Girl's Life. By Henry Harford (W. H. Hudson). E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

THIS novel by the late Mr. Hudson, first published in 1892 under an unobtrusive pseudonym, is quite unlike any other piece of fiction that he wrote. The scenes of "The Purple Land," "Green Mansions," and "El Ombù" are set in distant places. "A Crystal Age" is concerned with the distant future, "Dead Man's Plack" is concerned with the distant past, and "A Little Boy Lost" is sheer fantasy. But "Fan" is as local and contemporary as the then recent "Esther Waters" and "Robert Elsmere," and indeed it shows the influence of those two books. The heroine rises from a London slum almost as terrible as that which Mr. Moore described, and in the course of her adventures she meets several provincial persons who are finding it as difficult to keep their religion as Mrs. Ward's clergyman found it to keep his.

Fan is a pure and beautiful girl of the tenements who at fifteen discovers that her real father had been a gentleman. Her drunken foster-father abandons her at her mother's death, and she is in a pitiable plight until she is taken under protection by the rich and passionate Mary Starbrow. The love between these two women is the central story, and it is perhaps unique in fiction, though it may derive in germ from the relations between Esther Waters and her benevolent London mistress. Mary is as tempestuous as Fan is calm, and in a fit of jealousy casts her off because it appears that her love is being diverted to Constance Churton, a tutoress in the west of England, to whom Fan has gone for a winter's instruction. After many vicissitudes, during which Fan becomes possessed of a fortune and the knowledge of her father, she is able to prove that she can love both Mary and Constance with her whole nature, and their reconciliation makes the end of the book. There are men; each of the three women loves a man; but these affairs are nothing to their feelings toward one another, just as the relation between Esther Waters and William finally becomes subordinate to the relation between Esther and her kind mistress in the country.

The book may borrow from this or that source, yet essentially it comes from Hudson's own character and observation. Fan is as much like her creator as a heroine could be. She has his purity, his simplicity of spirit, his perfect reasonableness, and his lack of salty humor. Indeed she conspires with him to make the book not altogether a success as a realistic study. She is too good, and she forces the other people to be too good, though Miss Starbrow is not too far from being the "demon" her brother called her, and Merton, the husband of Constance, remains an unregenerate charlatan till his death. "Fan" is not a perfect novel for the very reason, perhaps, that it is so good a book.

It is an excellent book, and every reader of Mr. Hudson will wish to see it. The writing is impeccable, of course. But readers of the posthumous work "A Hind in Richmond Park" will be especially interested to observe that portions of "Fan" are taken directly from the author's experience. In "A Hind in Richmond Park" Hudson tells how once on a windy street in London the vision fluttered before his face of a beloved girl whom he knew at the time to be eighty miles away. He had been wishing he could adopt her as his daughter, and she was more or less constantly in his mind; but at this particular instant, as he later discovered, she was in painful difficulties with her parents in the country—people whose narrow religion she found no longer tolerable—and was contemplating flight to him. In "Fan" the gentleman father has a similar vision of his daughter just before he dies, and Constance in the country struggles similarly with her mother over a cruel and ridiculous creed. Hudson often complained that he forgot most of the things in his life that would have made good reading. But he remembered much.

MARK VAN DOREN

Books in Brief

America and the Atlantic. By Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

It is to be feared that the critical reader will hardly discover in Admiral Ballard's volume any very distinctive contribution to American history, notwithstanding that the maritime episodes which are dwelt upon, chiefly such as relate to colonization and the naval phases of wars, have some novelty of interest when grouped together. The most interesting part of the book is the few concluding pages in which Admiral Ballard points out the inevitable dependence of the Monroe Doctrine upon a fleet "powerful enough to insure its defense against reasonably possible risks." The strength or weakness of a navy, however, seems to depend very largely upon its position, and the summary view which the author gives of the comparative weakness of a modern navy, especially in the matters of fuel supply and repairs, when operating far from its base, contains suggestive material for a reply to the big-navy advocates who are forever talking of how easily the United States might be invaded, and shows pretty clearly that the maintenance of naval "superiority" serves no particular end except that of aggression. It is to the credit of Admiral Ballard that his final word should be a commendation of the disarmament policy which inspired, if unhappily it failed wholly to control, the Washington conference.

Ventures in Book Collecting. By William Harris Arnold. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

This is a far more delectable volume than its title might indicate. Mr. Arnold may have been primarily a collector of letters and first editions, but the motive force behind his zeal was that of a genuine lover of literature—this is evident from the wise and generous inclusion which he has made in this volume. He kindles the ardor, not alone of the connoisseur, but that of the mere student of literary history as well. His selection of topics is catholic, and he has brought to them a background of culture which makes a personal hobby doubly fascinating.

The House of the Enemy. By Camille Mallarmé. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.

Despite the difference in setting, this novel has certain marked resemblances to the work of Bojer, particularly in the directness and the pace with which its story is unfolded. The scene is laid in La Mancha, and the complications grow out of those insoluble conflicts which arise when a child of the soil is thrown into the alien life of a fading aristocracy. Here the material has been handled with competence and vigor, and with a fidelity to human motives and relations which lifts the story above the commonplace.

The Best Poems of 1922. Selected by Thomas Moulton. Decorated by Philip Hagreen. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

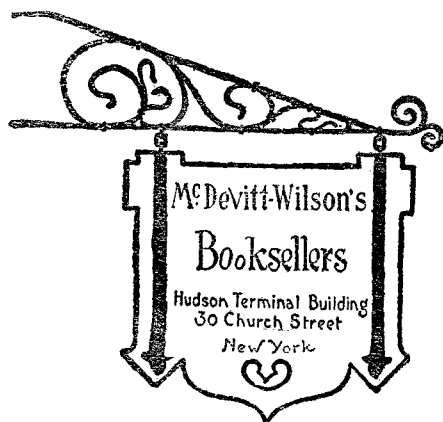
An admirable volume which it is to be hoped will inaugurate an annual series. Mr. Moulton prints his choice of all the verse which has appeared within the year in both British and American magazines.

Drama

Oedipus Rex

FOR years scholars and dramaturgists of a definite pseudo-intellectual variety have pointed to the Oedipus Rex of Sophocles as the first thoroughly well-made play in the history of the drama. As they justify the money-grubbing of the Broadway hack through the fact that Shakespeare and Molière needed food and clothing, so they have justified the base ingenuity of the followers of Scribe by an appeal to the great and commanding name of Sophocles. Point by point it has been hard to break down the arguments thus advanced and the cultured public—the public that is only cultured—awed by the name of Sophocles, has swallowed Mary Roberts Rinehart and Sam Shipman without inner discomfort.

It is high time that the war be carried into the country of this particular enemy. From the point of view of plot and ex-



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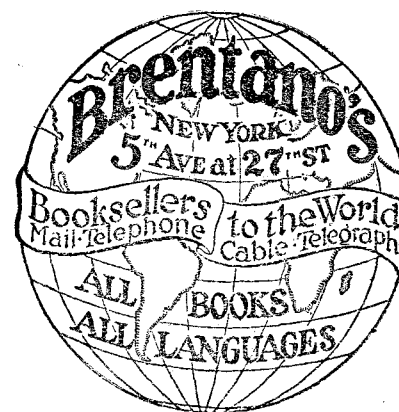
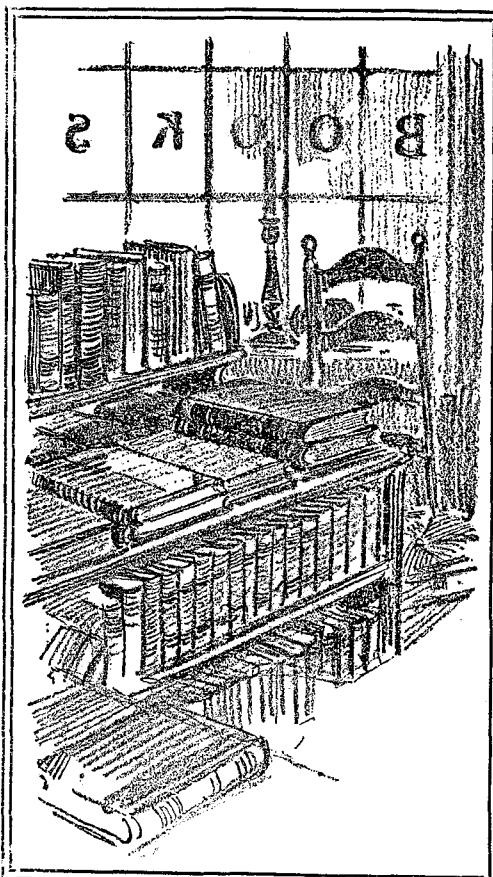
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ternal fable the Oedipus Rex is melodrama; it is mystery melodrama of that well-recognized type in which the hero turns out to be the villain. Any schoolboy can see at once how this central device of the hero-villain results naturally in an action of gathering suspense and gradual unfoldment and has therefore been found grateful and lucrative by dozens of modern playwrights of infinitely varying gifts and qualities from the days of Kleist's "Der zerbrochene Krug" to those of "The Sign on the Door."

Not only is the Oedipus melodrama. It is upon the whole not very good melodrama. It is not possible to suspend disbelief sufficiently to accept anything so monstrous as that Oedipus and Jocasta, during many years of marriage, never exchanged such simple confidences as would have brought out the entire story. It may be pleasingly romantic to marry a gentleman with a mysterious past; the woman never lived who, after marriage, did not seek to render that past the reverse of mysterious. In brief, the Greeks of the fifth century did not care particularly for verisimilitude or for the logic of life or the concrete facts of human character. Absolutely their dramatic poetry remains great; relatively these are vital and, indeed, insufferable defects and the justification of bad modern work by an appeal to these defects is dangerous nonsense.

Their dramatic poetry remains great. What forevermore divides Oedipus from "The Sign on the Door" is its spiritual elevation and its poetry and its wisdom. Sophocles wrote a well-made melodrama. But what he was interested in was not primarily the plot and the suspense. It was the saga and its illustration of the inscrutable dealings of the gods with mankind. He had not the granite piety of Aeschylus nor the bold speculative intellect of Euripides. Yet he was a poet to whom ingenuity, though he possessed it, was of least concern.

Sir John Martin-Harvey's production at the Century Theater is dignified and pictorially satisfying and insufferably unrhythmic. Its only thrilling moment is the first in which the Theban populace throngs, suppliant, to the feet of Oedipus. But this thrill is a thrill provided by Max Reinhardt and its organic connection with the play and with the Greek theater remains more than doubtful. The rest is coldly formal. Nothing of the heat and mystery and terror is communicated, nothing of the gradual oncoming of an intolerable woe. The enunciation of all the actors is good; their gestures are correct. But what persuaded so hopelessly pedestrian an actor to attempt Sophocles? Of the precision of Sir Gilbert Murray's translation I am no judge. But I know that Sophocles was a great poet and that Murray, despite his inveterate imitation of Swinburne, is an exceedingly accomplished one. The actors do everything in their power to destroy the verse. They wrench it, break it, jangle it. The chanting choragus is interested only in his uninteresting tune. I listened for the beat of the verse; it was mangled. For the rich and emphatic rhymes; they were huddled out of sight. But the soul of poetry is in its form. Sophocles created through rhythm. Strip him of that and there is left a horrible nursery tale. It may make the flesh creep; it cannot elevate the mind or refresh the heart. This production aims at neither effect. It has cold, prosaic dignity. It is sober. It may be considered instructive. It does not live with the life of a great poet; it illustrates the Attic drama as conceived of by Professor . . . Personalities are useless. But no wonder that this actor was knighted.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

A Correction

By a regrettable typographical error in the October 24 issue of *The Nation*, the last sentence in Johan J. Smertenko's review of Burton J. Hendrick's "The Jews in America" read as follows: "The author's purpose seems eminently laudable: he has sought a goat for the accused members of his race and found one in the Polish Jew."

It should read: "The author's purpose seems eminently laudable: he has sought a goat for the accused members of the race and found one in the Polish Jew."

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"Current Drama"
Nov. 16, 8:40 P. M. . . . Clement Wood
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International Relations Section

Workers' Faculties

By HANNAH PICKERING

IN Moscow, along one of the principal streets, there is a large stone building, part of Moscow University. It might be one of the buildings of any city university in America except that the street in front is lined with second-hand bookstalls and the students going in and out are dressed in working clothes and are less healthy in appearance than the average American student group. Just inside is the ever-present bust of Karl Marx and above, the red banner "Workers of all Lands, Unite." This is the largest of the Workers' Faculty schools and has at present about twenty-five hundred students.

The Workers' Faculties, or "Rabfacs," are part of the general movement for the education of the workers and the peasants. They were started in 1919 with the idea of taking the "workers from the workshop and the peasants from the plow" and giving them three years of training preparatory to entering the university. This theoretical training added to their practical knowledge would fit them to go back as leaders of their various groups and would give Russia within a short time a large number of educated workers and peasants. No person can be sent who has not been doing some definite work and he must go on to the university when he has finished his Workers' Faculty course.

The number of schools has increased rapidly so that today there are eighty with over 35,000 students. Ten thousand of these students are in Moscow, four thousand in Petrograd, and the rest in schools throughout the provinces. Of this total, 70 per cent are workers and 30 per cent peasants, 75 per cent men and 25 per cent women. The ages of the majority range from eighteen to twenty-five years but there is no age limit set. There have already been 11,000 graduates who are at present in the universities.

The workers are chosen by their unions, the central office of the Workers' Faculties stating how many each union can send. The peasants are chosen by the village committees and go to the district Rabfac. Selection is based on (1) length of time in factory or field—it must be not less than three years; (2) ability; (3) social capacity. The student must be able to read and write, to have a certain amount of ability in expressing thought, and a knowledge of elementary arithmetic.

During the time he is at school he is supported by the state, receiving a monthly ration of food (1 pood of flour, 2 pounds of fat, 5 pounds of corn and meat), a small monthly wage, and, during the year, clothing. Most of them live in communal houses, some in private rooms. Certainly none are living in any great degree of comfort on the rations they receive, but they can exist and study. Prior to this fall the burden of supporting the students in the universities fell to the unions and the districts. Now this expense is being taken over by the Department of Education. The Rabfacs are nearly always in university buildings and most of the university professors teach there. All teachers must have a university degree. Only 2 or 3 per cent of them are members of the Communist Party. About 30 per cent of the students are Communists.

In general the student has three types of courses from which to choose: technical, which are taken by a majority; biological, for the agriculturists and those who will study medicine; and social science. The whole tendency of the educational system in Russia today is away from dullness in academic study. The curriculum of the Workers' Faculties offers to the students a few general subjects for the year from which to choose one. Then all his studies for that year are related to this subject. Suppose, for example, he chooses the Evolution of Technique. Under this he would take up the study of man and his implements of production, man and the machine, bringing in problems in mechanics, and man and water, under which he would get his knowledge of physics and chemistry. In this way during his training he gets his knowledge of biology, literature, economics, language, history, etc., related to the general subject chosen.

In most of the schools the faculty have formed committees to represent them before the students. Each week the teachers and students meet together to discuss various methods of teaching and studying, the students telling the teachers where they are at fault and the teacher commending or criticizing the student in his method of study.

When the end of the term comes thirty students in the group taking the same general subject are chosen by the group to examine the rest. The teachers give a report of each student. Then a committee of three students is chosen to complete the reports of individual students. After each report the teachers and students express opinions as to whether or not the student can be promoted. If the teachers and the group fail to agree, the directors of the school preside and the student has the right to be examined. In the general meeting he is judged by his knowledge of the subject, his ability to work, his activity at home and at school, his general development, and his ability.

In one beginning class of forty-five which we visited a poll was taken as to the authors read by the students. All had read Tolstoi and Gorki, thirty had read Goethe, fourteen Dostoevsky, and four or five each Jack London, Upton Sinclair, Wells, and Mark Twain. It was after this class that the students gathered around us and one youth who rivaled Trotzky in his oratorical ability sent "Greetings from the working youth of Russia to the working youth of America, with the hope that they, too, will soon throw off the yoke of capitalism making it possible for all to gain an education!"

Jews Under the Soviet Regime

By L. T.

ON September 9, the Jewish workers of Moscow celebrated the opening of the Jewish pavilion at the All-Russian Agricultural Exposition. The significance of this pavilion was thus summed up in the speech by M. Frumkin-Esther, the representative of the Jewish sections of the Communist Party (as recorded in the Moscow Yiddish daily *Emes* of September 11):

The modest products of Jewish agriculture which you see here are the first green blossoms from a soil which has been fertilized by centuries of suffering. You will see here the map of our Soviet land showing the number of pogroms perpetrated by the counter-revolution in hundreds of Jewish cities and

towns. You will find them marked with the colors of all the white-guard bands which have passed through them, leaving ruin in their wake. . . .

And now this earth, saturated with floods of blood, is being fertilized by the producing hands of the Jewish agricultural worker who puts into it his hope for a better future.

The significance of this pavilion is great in that it marks the historical turning-point of the Jewish masses. For more than a thousand years the Jews were forced out of every productive occupation. It took them hundreds of years before they regained the right to engage in manual labor, but still they were rigidly kept away from agriculture. There have been some attempts to settle Jews on the land. . . . But only the Soviet power has thrown the way wide open for the Jewish masses to work and create on the land which has for so long been soaked with their blood. . . . Equals among equals, hand in hand with those Ukrainian, White-Russian, and Russian peasants who had been separated by a wall of prejudices and darkness and who now extend a brotherly hand to each other.

Another Jewish exhibition which was recently held in Moscow and which attracted much attention was the exhibition of the All-Russian Jewish Public Committee (known as the "Yidgescom") which closed on September 15. According to the Moscow press this exhibition may be brought to America some time during the next winter.

Both of these exhibitions give a fairly complete summary of what the Jewish masses have recently achieved in Russia, at the same time plainly indicating the lines along which their further cultural, economic, and social development may be expected to progress.

The Jewish population of the Union of S.S.R. is centered chiefly in the Ukraine and White Russia which, up to the summer of 1920, were the battleground where the civil war was fought. In this civil war the Jewish population passed through a veritable hell before it found itself, ultimately and definitely, under Soviet rule.

When life, under the aegis of the Soviet power, became secure at last, the Jewish population was confronted with the unequaled tasks of rehabilitation from the utter ruin it had suffered. Chief among these were the tasks of economic reconstruction and of providing for the orphaned children. According to the figures made public by the Child-care Commission of the All-Russian Jewish Public Committee, the number of Jewish children who became orphaned during the war and the pogroms reached the staggering figure of 300,000 in a population of about 3,000,000. The number of refugees who left all their belongings to the mercy of the bandits and fled to the bigger cities where life was more safe, exceeded 500,000. Even that part of the Jewish population, which had not suffered physically, was economically in deep water, since trade, which had been the main occupation of the Jewish population, was practically at a standstill during the period of civil war.

The Soviet Government was quick to organize immediate relief work on an extensive scale. This work was carried out through the government organs, such as the specially organized commissions for the relief of the victims of the counter-revolution, the Jewish sections of the Commissariat of Public Maintenance, the Jewish Division of the Commissariat of Nationalities (in the Ukraine—the Jewish sections of the Commissariat of Internal Affairs and of the local executive committees), and the Jewish sections of the Commissariat of Public Education, in close cooperation with the All-Russian Jewish Public Committee. The latter was organized in Moscow in July, 1920, for the relief of the war

and pogrom sufferers and soon became the leading Jewish public organization in the Soviet Federation with branches in every city and town with a considerable Jewish population. By virtue of the fact that the problem of constructive relief has become, of necessity, linked with every other problem of Jewish life in the Ukraine and White Russia, this organization has come to be identified with every Jewish public activity in the Soviet Union.

The chief concerns of the Jewish Public Committee are the uncared-for children, particularly the war and pogrom orphans. The data from its exhibition in Moscow show that at one time the Jewish Public Committee maintained and subsidized about 1,500 children's institutions in which 150,000 children were taken care of. At present the committee is maintaining upward of 1,000 institutions with 80,000 children. Most of these institutions are educational in character, intended not only to provide the children with food and shelter but to bring them up as useful citizens of the Workers' republic. Accordingly they are organized along the lines of the Soviet school system. Great stress is laid in these institutions upon the children's self-government and upon manual training. A large part of the exhibition of the J.P.C. is devoted to samples of the work done by the children in the institutions. Much of this work is of high artistic quality.

Together with the hundreds of Jewish schools under the supervision of the Jewish sections of the Commissariat of Public Education these orphans' homes form a widely distributed network of institutions for elementary education which, although not sufficient, still represent a remarkable achievement. Before the revolution there were practically no modern Jewish schools with Yiddish as the language of instruction.

In addition to these institutions of elementary education there have grown up a number of other Jewish cultural institutions of considerable merit. Chief among these are the Jewish art school and music school in Kiev, about ten normal schools, a few high schools, the Jewish departments at the universities of Moscow, Odessa, and Minsk, besides a hundred professional trade schools.

Special mention should be made of the Jewish Kammer-theater in Moscow, which is the first Jewish state theater in history.

The Jewish Public Committee has been generously supported in its varied relief work by the Soviet Government. However, when Russia was confronted with the famine catastrophe the Soviet Government was obliged to reduce its material support to a minimum, and the Jewish Public Committee had to fall back for its funds upon the sympathetic cooperation of the Jewish masses of America. The committee, through its American representation, established close relations with the Jewish relief organizations in the United States, chiefly with the so-called Landmanschaften. It also organized the shipment of relief packages from private persons and the transmission of food remittances. The proceeds of these transmission operations went into the funds for the general relief work of the committee. According to the official data published by the American representation of the All-Russian Jewish Public Committee, it has transmitted from America clothes, food, and money to the amount of almost \$3,500,000.

This does not include the funds spent for relief work in Russia by the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee. Out of the \$6,000,000 spent by the J.D.C. for relief

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work in Russia in conjunction with the work of the ARA, a considerable sum went to the children's institutions of the Jewish Public Committee and for the constructive relief work which the J.D.C. is carrying on in close cooperation with the Society for Spreading Handicraft and Agricultural Work among the Jews in Russia (known as the Russian "ORT").

The constructive work of the Jewish public organizations in the Soviet Union has contributed considerably toward the establishing of sounder economic foundations for the Jewish population. It has saved from complete ruin the old Jewish colonies in South Ukraine which, after they had undergone all the terrors of the civil war and the pogroms, were in danger of being wiped out by the famine. It has stimulated the organization of producing cooperatives and other forms of productive associations. The Soviet Government has lately decided to lift the burden of taxes from artisans who do not exploit labor. This measure is already showing its effects in increasing the number of Jews engaged in productive labor.

But the most significant achievement in the economic life of the Jewish population in the Soviet Union is the rapid spread of agriculture among them. The Jewish pavilion at the Agricultural Exposition in Moscow shows that the number of Jews engaged in agricultural work is at present about 77,000. Before the revolution the number of Jewish farm workers in Russia was only 52,000. The significance of these figures is not in their absolute numbers. It should be borne in mind that during the civil war the little there was of Jewish agriculture in Russia suffered a heavy setback and the number of 52,000 was reduced by many thousands of killed and refugees. The real growth of Jewish agriculture has therefore far exceeded the number of 25,000. Since the Soviet Government is heartily encouraging Jewish agriculture and since among the Jews themselves the tendency toward agriculture is assuming the proportions of a strong popular movement the future possibilities along these lines are most promising.

The Russian Cooperatives

THE following is part of a statement issued by Centrosoyus, the Russian Cooperatives' central organization, on the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary:

The opinion that all pre-war establishments in Russia have been completely wiped out appears to be prevalent in America. This belief is probably due to the fact that too much thought has been devoted to the political aspect of the Russian situation, and not enough to its commercial and industrial activities. The Centrosoyus, however, which today proudly celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary can boast of great accomplishments. It was born amid a most unhealthy and antagonistic atmosphere, progressed despite the repression of the Czarist Government, survived the most cataclysmic war the world has ever witnessed, withstood the severe hardships caused by the revolution with its consequent iron blockade, and through it all emerged more firmly intrenched than ever before. The cooperative movement is today the outstanding factor in the commercial and industrial life of the country, and in fact might well be considered the backbone of the entire business structure. . . .

On this account it might be considered appropriate to chronicle the growth and progress of the Centrosoyus. . . .

EARLY STAGES OF THE COOPERATIVE MOVEMENT

The early cooperative societies developed as an outgrowth

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of profiteering by the local storekeepers. They were organized on a very modest scale by groups of villagers aimed to combat these gorging storekeepers. . . . The first Russian cooperative society was established in 1865, almost sixty years ago. The numerous previous applications for charters to form Cooperative Societies were rejected—the Government regarding them with suspicion. The movement progressed for about a decade, and societies were organized in rapid succession in all parts of the country until the Government was again aroused, when it saw fit to check the movement by inaugurating the famous "Administration Measures," which for a time diminished the hopes of its supporters.

During the period from 1875 to 1891, only 186 local cooperative societies were approved by the Government—the insignificant average of 11 per annum. . . . Repeated efforts were made to form federations of cooperative societies, and even attempts to hold conventions for this purpose proved futile. The necessity for the federation of all societies throughout the country into unions in order to carry on their work with any real measure of success became so keenly manifest that it was felt urgently necessary to center every effort upon this phase of development.

In 1891 the country was faced with famine, and the poorer classes, as a means of improving their intolerable position, turned in great numbers toward the cooperatives. This added strength and its consequent pressure, resulted in more liberality on the part of the Government in granting charters between the years 1891 and 1900. During this period 517 societies were approved, an average rate of 65 per annum. . . .

FORMATION OF THE "CENTROSOYUS"

In 1898, an exception was made with regard to the formation of federations of cooperative societies, and permission granted to the Centrosoyus to form a union of the Moscow societies. This field, however, was very limited inasmuch as it was restricted exclusively to the Moscow district. . . .

From this date until the beginning of the World War the cooperatives made smooth and steady progress. In 1905 the total number of cooperative organizations had already reached the number of 5,801. In 1914 they had expanded to the number of 30,842 societies. Practically all of this growth may be attributed directly to the formation of unions of cooperation which enabled the scattered societies to concentrate their activities, and thereby gain the advantage of larger and more economical purchases, and better results in the sale of the produce of their combined members. . . .

ACTIVITIES DURING THE WORLD WAR AND REVOLUTION

The beginning of the World War may be regarded as the turning-point in the history of the Russian cooperative movement. The Czarist Government in order to gain the full support of the country in waging war against Germany was induced to show a greater degree of tolerance toward the cooperatives. New cooperative societies thenceforth were organized at a phenomenal rate, as may be noted by the fact that on January 1, 1917, the number of societies had increased to 46,149. The consumers societies alone claimed a membership of 20,000,000 householders, representing a population of approximately 100,000,000 people. . . .

The cooperatives were intrusted with important tasks of supplying the army and the population with foodstuffs and supplies. The ability and results produced by the cooperative organizations during this period became generally recognized, and even the Department of Agriculture of the former Imperial Government intrusted them with many important tasks. When the Czarist Government was overthrown, the Provisional Government intrusted the regulation of the entire food supplies of the country to the cooperative organization.

Throughout the war and the subsequent revolution the cooperatives served as the largest factor in maintaining the production and distributive system. It may be definitely stated

that were it not for the remarkable organization which they built up, far greater and more serious consequences might have been expected. Their organization enabled the population to survive the chaos caused by the revolution.

PRESENT FACILITIES OF THE CENTROSOYUS

According to the most recent statistics, which contain many omissions, the cooperative system is composed of the following:

Consumers Societies	23,852
Agricultural Societies	37,636
Industrial Societies	18,461
Total	79,949

Each of the above organizations operates one or more stores, branches, factories, etc., and it is therefore safe to say that the cooperative structure is composed of over 100,000 centers for the distribution of supplies, collection of crops, factories, and artels. Furthermore, the above figures do not include numerous credit and banking societies, nor the non-commercial activities of the Centrosoyus. It numbers among its non-commercial activities such organizations as schools, libraries, research and experimental laboratories, museums and expositions, dramatic and musical studios, hospitals, dispensaries, and sanitariums, clubhouses, dormitories, orphanages, summer camps, printing plants, and many other facilities of a similar nature. . . .

The proportion of merchandise handled by the cooperative societies compared with that of the whole country since 1914 is as follows:

1914.....	7 per cent
1915.....	15 " "
1916.....	32 " "
1917.....	46 " "
1918.....	40 " "
1921.....	40 " "

No reliable comparisons are obtainable since 1921, but it is safe to assume that in view of the fact that during the past few years the cooperatives have been allowed a greater degree of freedom by the Soviet Government they have gone far ahead of the proportion shown for 1921.

With its enormous facilities in every verst of the enormous territory comprising Russia and Siberia, together with its branches and agencies in all principal centers of the world in which it carries on its international trade, the cooperatives form the most practical commercial link with foreign countries under the present circumstances. Their large operations in connection with the exportation from Russia to all foreign lands of raw materials, and the importation of all sorts of manufactured articles are carried on through these facilities in foreign countries.

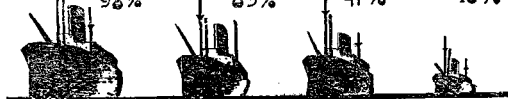
Communists in Saxony and Thuringia

THE policy of the Communists and their stand in entering the governments of Saxony and Thuringia which has brought about the present conflict between the Saxon Cabinet and the Central Government in Berlin is set forth in an article by Paul Boettcher, one of the Communist ministers of Saxony, and in a declaration by the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Germany, both published in the *Internationale Press-Korrespondenz* of October 12. Paul Boettcher writes in his article:

Step by step the dictatorship of the industrialists is advancing upon Germany. The first attack of the reaction which began with the declaration of a state of emergency and was intended to end with the establishment of a directorate was not met immediately with a wide counter-attack by the working class of Germany. Many workers have still been led to believe that the

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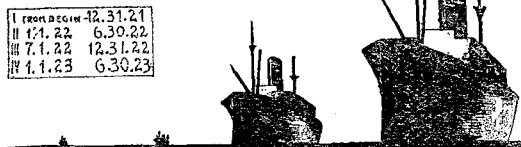


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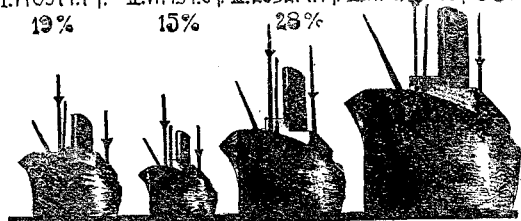
I. from Dec 11-22. 31.21
II. 1.1.22 6.30.22
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IV. 1.1.23 6.30.23



370032.7 T. : 49 %

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753589.6 T. : 100 %

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state of emergency was a necessary measure adopted against the drive of the counter-revolution in Bavaria. But the proletariat now clearly realizes that the state of emergency is directed against the left. The proletariat of central Germany, menaced by the Hitler guards from the south and by the legal and illegal Reichswehr formations in the north, was the first to prepare for the counter-attack.

The Communist Party has taken the initiative of creating a labor government in Saxony. The Communist Party came to the workers with an emergency program to meet the emergency state. This emergency program found enthusiastic response among the workers. The seriousness of the situation was fully realized in the factories. Spontaneously executive committees were organized for defense against any attacks on the part of the Fascisti. The centralized coordination of the executive committee all over Saxony is well under way. The masses of workers are streaming into the defense organizations. They build and fortify their cadres and they demand arms for the hundreds. Surely and steadily the mass movement is growing from the bottom up.

The counter-revolution has completed the preparations for its blow. It may be expected to attack now at any time. Each hour lost by the proletariat in organizing its defense is a loss irreparable. The situation calls for quick action. The Communist Party has therefore proposed the immediate creation of a workers' government. The basis upon which this government is created is the struggle against reaction and counter-revolution with all means. The Communists are entering this government not as opportunists but as the representatives of the workers who are ready to fight. This government will come into existence as a government of struggle carrying out the mobilization of the masses and working for the establishment of the united front of the proletariat on a wide basis. Even before the workers' government has come into existence the whole bourgeois press has raised a cry. The concentrated attacks of the counter-revolution against Saxony and Thuringia show that it is intended to destroy the last positions of the German workers. The Saxon workers above cannot counter this attack. The whole German working class must declare its solidarity with the advanced lines of the proletariat in Saxony and Thuringia. It should not permit any attack of the counter-revolution against central Germany. The immediate future will be decisive. Central Germany has been handed over to the military commanders who have already organized their action against the "hundreds," the control committees, and the factory committees. Even tomorrow they may try to destroy the organizations of the proletariat.

The workers of central Germany will not yield one foot of ground without offering resistance. The leadership in this struggle is now in the hands of the workers of the governments of Saxony and Thuringia. It lies with the masses to destroy the plans of the counter-revolution which are intended to sabotage the labor bloc in central Germany.

The declaration of the Central Committee of the Communist Party follows:

The Central Committee has agreed to the entrance of the comrades Boettcher, Brandler, and Heckert into the Saxon Cabinet. The labor population is united against the bloc of the industrialists, the great landowners, and the monarchist generals. The capitalist military dictatorship is out to put chains on the working class.

The Communist members of the Saxon Government are instructed by the party to organize, together with the Social-Democratic members of the cabinet, the most energetic defense against the menacing danger.

The Communist members of this Government are under the constant control and leadership of the party. The entrance of our comrades into the Saxon Government is not the result of a parliamentary business transaction. It is conforming with the decisive will of the labor masses to meet the attack of

capital with a strongly united front. The government of the working class in Saxony is a signal for the working class of all Germany. It needs the active support of the proletariat of all Germany.

The Saxon experiment of creating a coalition government with the left Social Democrats in the hour of extreme danger and to organize the defense forces of the proletariat will prove successful when our party mobilizes the workers all over the country into a united fighting front against the class enemy.

CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE
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